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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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LETTER FROM DR. GREENE.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 23d, I note an editorial upon the recent effort to unite the Presbyterians and Congregationalists in Japan, from which I extract the following paragraph: "We are credibly informed that some of the missionaries of the American Board in Japan have announced their purpose to renew the agitation in favor of throwing the Congregational churches of the Empire into the embrace of the Presbyterian Union church there existing. We are not very much surprised at this, because the grand personage of Neesima has been withdrawn, and the time seems to the non-lovers of Congregationalism most opportune. We trust, however, that the genuine admirers of Neesima will persistently see to it that unsympathetic hands shall not be allowed to plant any such root of bitterness on his new-made grave."

Allow me, first of all, to protest against the whole tone of the article, but especially your implied characterization of the friends of the movement as not "genuine admirers" of Dr. Neesima. As a matter of fact, with one important exception, so far as the missionaries were concerned, Dr. Neesima's most intimate friends, those to whom he most frequently resorted for counsel and from whom he received the strongest and most unvarying support in his enterprises, were heartily in favor of the proposed union. The difference of view between himself and them on this important subject did not, so far as I have learned, lessen the cordiality of his friendship nor his confidence in their general judgment.

Nearly the same might be said of Dr. Neesima's friends in New England. THE PACIFIC may be right as to the wisdom of the scheme, but it is certainly wrong in its test of friendship. Why not take it for granted that there may be difference of opinion even on matters of grave importance among sincere friends? But as to the main statement of the editorial—that "some of the missionaries of the American Board have announced their purpose to renew the agitation in favor of throwing the Congregational churches of the Empire into the embrace of the Presbyterian Union church"—there is still something to be said.

So far as I can ascertain, no such announcement has been made and no such purpose exists. Perhaps the report may have been based upon some remarks of mine made in several places in the United States. I gave frequent and emphatic expression to my regret at the failure of the enterprise, and to my desire to aid any well-considered scheme which might be presented in the future. It was not my purpose then to revive the old movement, or to initiate a new one, or to incite anybody else to do either of these things; and it certainly is not my purpose now. You say "the time seems to the non-lovers of Congregationalism most opportune." There could not be a greater mistake; and any man, be he Japanese or foreigner, would be inexplicably foolish to agitate the matter now. If the old plan or any similar plan comes up in the future, it will only be, it would seem, after some years of preparation.

It was no romantic notion of building up a single broad church in Japan which actuated most of those interested in the late movement, but it was an intense desire to economize our Christian forces and to limit the disastrous competition between the missionary churches. In the judgment of some of the best observers, the union, had it been effected, would have been equivalent to the addition of twenty-five per cent. to the effective force of the co-operating bodies. The movement had the hearty sympathy of a very considerable share of the constituents of the American Board—in New England, at least, my observation leads me to think, it found favor with a majority of the most efficient supporters of the Board.

A prominent theological professor wrote me: "The movement has had my best wishes ever since I heard of it." Shall we never learn the lesson of Mark ix:36—that there are two and only two sides in this world, to one or the other of which every man belongs! Those who take the responsibility of endeavoring to thwart this movement know not, I think, what they are doing." Another correspondent, a well-known pastor, then occupying an important pulpit in a New England city, but who has since been called to a western church, writes: "If Japan can carry out this plan, essentially, it will make a real addition to the history of Christianity; and give an impulse to the broadening thoughts of men in this country which is worth some effort."

After a somewhat wide observation, I unhesitatingly affirm that the greatest obstacle to religious progress in the United States consists in undue sectarian competition, with its alarming waste of religious force. There are thousands of churches, which, while nominally self-supporting, are so because of the meager salaries

paid to their pastors, and to their almost complete abstinence from any share in the missionary work at home and abroad. They are kept back, in large degree, by outside pressure, from the combinations natural to their position—combinations which would enable them, not only to do more efficiently their local work, but to contribute liberally to the common work of the churches. The evil cannot be cured without radical treatment, which would, of course, involve some serious sacrifice, but the result would be worth the sacrifice. As to the merits of the particular plan proposed in Japan, competent judges, who have served as pastors in Michigan and Missouri, have averred that it sacrificed no principle embodied in the organization of the Congregational churches of those States. I remain yours truly

DANIEL CROSBY GREENE.
Tokyo, Japan, May 30, 1890.

A CONFERENCE IN PARADISE.

The Greeks put the dwelling of their gods close to the blue, above the clouds, on the summit of grand old Olympus. And surely, if lofty mountain top, cleft by giant power, bearing on its fissured surface a gem-like lake; if tumbled cliff and mighty tree, Dame Nature's handiwork; if shady avenue and cozy rustic resting place; if well kept table and luxurious apartment, and a thousand and one conveniences for comfort and repose, all the product of the art of man, combined so thoughtfully with such simple charming taste that even the sternest critic could find no room for censure—constitute a paradise, then Mohonk Lake may well throw down the gauntlet to old Eden. But better than the scene now, beautiful, now grand, ever diversified, is the spirit of Christian hospitality that beams forth from the faces of the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Albert K. Smiley—a hospitality that has made their home famous from ocean to ocean of this broad land, a spirit of welcome so genial as to make the worldling forget the convivial glass which none can find within a long radius of this cool retreat, and yet will bring him back year after year in ever increasing crowds to while away the days.

For seven years Mr. and Mrs. Smiley have bidden to their Mountain House hundreds of the friends of the Indian to discuss his needs and how the nation should discharge her debt to him. The Mohonk Indian Conference have done more to secure to the American Indian his rights than all the debates in all the Congresses since our Government began. Viewing the splendid history of this informal gathering ex-President Hayes last fall suggested to Mr. Smiley, by a casual remark, the need there was of a Conference on the Negro Question. Mr. Smiley told his guests this week that he had long been planning for a Spring Conference on some vital theme of national import, which should open as the Fall meeting in behalf of the Indian closes the season at Lake Mohonk.

Mr. Hayes' remark was like a revelation and the result was the first Mohonk Conference on the Negro Question, held at the Mohonk Lake Mountain House, June 4th, 5th, and 6th. I would like to give the readers of THE PACIFIC a little of the inspiration that I carried away from that gathering.

First—The representative character of the Conference must claim for its utterances the most thoughtful consideration of all patriotic Americans. About one-third of those whom Mr. Smiley invited were present. He had included in his generous call the justices of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, representatives from every leading educational institution of the South, besides men of prominence from every section of the United States. Unfortunately, the Southern States were not as largely represented as Mr. Smiley had hoped. The expense of so long a journey—though the hospitality of Mr. Smiley was absolutely free—the pressure of business—for all invited, were busy men and women—and the uncertainty as to how openly Southern men could express themselves in a Conference on the Negro at the North—all these and other considerations united to lessen the delegation from the old slave States. But none the less was it a representative body.

There were present men from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. Addresses were delivered by several who had themselves been slaveholders. Nearly every standpoint was disclosed in the discussions. Howard, and Hampton, and Tongaloo, and Biddle, and Talladega, and Le Moyne, and Slater, as well as other well-known Southern institutions of learning, had their delegates on hand to present the results of long years of direct work for the Negro.

Ex-President A. D. White of Cornell, and Presidents Gates of Rutgers, Magill of Swarthmore, John Eaton of Marietta, Gaines of Eastman's College, representatives of various benevolent associations

at the North, Commissioner W. T. Harris and General Howard, Editors Ward, Abbott, Buckley, Barrows and others, specialists like Judge Tourgee, leading up to the venerable Moses Pierce of Norwich, Conn., 82 years of age, who entered the ranks of the Abolitionists in 1831, and the Rev. Samuel May, two years his junior in age, and in his adherence to that grand movement, presided over by ex-President Hayes—all these joined the influence of their names to the utterances of the Conference, which must stand to-day as the product of the best wisdom of our land on the Negro question.

Second—The spirit of harmony and of unanimity was remarkable, and predicts the near approach of the close of that sectional strife which has so long disgraced our National life. There was absolutely no restraint put upon any one at the Mohonk Conference. Southerner and Northerner, former slave-holder and Abolitionist, men of all parties and of no party, were free to express their views and did so; yet there was scarcely one discordant note sounded during the whole three days, and there was not a single dissident voice when the vote was taken upon the platform. One gentleman from the South, himself a former slave-holder and prominent business man, expressed the most complete surprise and the utmost gratification at the absolute freedom of debate, combined with the perfect gentlemanliness that characterized the Conference. The only element conspicuous by its absence was that which represents the political demagogism that delights to inflame one section of our land against another. In consequence, all saw how near together the North and South really stand. It is the old story of mutual trust and confidence in the essential integrity of all good men, of whom the North has no more monopoly than the South. If this sentiment shall prevail, sectionalism is not only dead, but buried.

Third—Closely allied to the above is the broad common-sense standpoint voiced in the platform of the Conference. No drastic measure so dear to the heart of the Republican boss of the North, no quack prescription that will solve our Negro Problem by a magic "presto hickory," but a simple, manful application of the natural forces that underlie all development from barbarism up to Christian manhood—in this, and in this alone, is there promise for the future in the South. And that future is not dark; it is full of the prophecy of hope.

Fourth—This leads to my last observation. The Conference was characterized from beginning to end by conservative and common-sense optimism. The Southerner and Northerner alike were impressed with the hopefulness of the condition of the Negro. Drs. Mayo and Roy, whose papers easily led all other contributions to the Conference, and some statistics gleaned from the pages of *The Tradesman* by General Fisk, demonstrated conclusively the marvelous advance made by the Negro race since 1865. The past gives promise to the future. Thank God that we see this people emerging into the full light of a civilization whose center is to be Christ the Lord.

(REV.) DOREMUS SCUDDER.

MOHONK LAKE, N. Y.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, June 5th, 1890.

Among the communications submitted to the Board were letters from Rev. D. N. Lyon, of Soochow, announcing progress made in the Soochow New Testament revision; from Mr. Carrington, in Bangkok, who is beginning to print new editions of Siamese Scriptures; from Mr. Penzotti, in Peru, expressing great satisfaction in the recent visit of Mr. Milne and Dr. Dees; from Mr. Bowen, of Constantinople, with a detailed statement of the interference of the government with the book-trade of Americans in Turkey; from Miss Ellen M. Stone, of Monastir, writing in behalf of the European Turkey Mission; from the Russian Bible Society; returning thanks for renewed proffers of aid in their attempts to reach remote parts of Russia with the Scriptures; from Rev. Hiram Bingham, of Honolulu, with further particulars about the Bible translated for the Gilbert Islanders; from Rev. E. T. Doane, with a report of sales of Ponape Scriptures in Micronesia; and from Mr. George Braithwaite, of Yokohama, giving an account of the preliminary meetings of the Bible Societies' Committee in Japan.

Grants of books were made to the value of about \$8,862 75, including \$4,000 for colportage. Funds were also granted to the amount of \$31,300 for Bible work in foreign lands, including appropriations for the Society's operations in China, Japan, and Corea.

The issues from the Bible House during the month of May were 100,095 volumes; issues since April 1st, 178,334 volumes.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

PRESIDENT—Miss Lucy M. Fay, 901 Sutter street, San Francisco.
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TREASURER—Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth street, Oak land.

All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch W. B. M. P. will be held at the Third Congregational church on Fifteenth street, near Valencia, San Francisco, on Saturday, June 21st, 1890, at 2:30 P. M. AMY KERREL, Recording Secretary.

LETTER FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

The semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in the Mount Vernon church, Boston, on Thursday morning, May 29th, and an account of that meeting may be interesting to the readers of our column. The floor of the church was nearly filled with ladies, and the newly-elected President, Mrs. Judson Smith, presided with much grace and dignity. Mrs. Bowker, the honorary President, was on the platform.

The opening hymn was that quaint and exalting one "Jesus shall reign," and after the singing Mrs. Smith said a few impressive words concerning the immortality of the foreign missionary work, with its remarkable principle of growth and its constantly increasing responsibilities; and the courage of all was stimulated afresh by the reading of the first chapter of Joshua; after which prayer was offered by Miss Gilman of the Eastern Connecticut Branch. The Board of the Pacific was represented by its President, whose brief address was as follows:

"Madam President, Officers and Friends of the Woman's Board of Missions, and (turning to Mrs. Bowker) dear Honorary President, so long at the head of this organization: To all the Pacific Board gives greeting to-day—a warm greeting that springs from the oneness of our work, the strength of our mutual love, and from our joy together that we are permitted to lay our weak hands on the majestic certainties of the coming kingdom. It is our God who calls us to these great opportunities; His tender sympathy and care that support us in discouragement, and upon His loving kindness and His truth rest all our hopes for the sin-laden world to which we stretch out our hands with the blessed message of the cross.

Standing not long ago, at Niagara, we watched the torrent of the American Fall as it plunged and seethed and roared, sending its angry spray far upward; while resting lightly across this turmoil was a brilliant rainbow whose perfect outline was unbroken, and even unjarred, by the waters which dashed through it and around it; like the smile of God, it rested there, seeming to reveal anew the unchanging glory of His promises. Such is our dependence and our joy, and such the dependence of our beloved missionaries who have long been in the field, and of those who soon go out for the first time to do this blessed work. In God is our hope."

Mrs. R. M. Cole of the Eastern Turkey Mission gave an exceedingly interesting address, recalling some of the experiences which twenty years of missionary service have brought into her life. The account was most thrilling of events at Erzurum, during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877-78, when Mr. Cole and others under his direction supplied to the extent of their ability the fearful lack of medical and surgical care for which no provision had been made by the Turks. Soldiers were brought in jolting carts from places nine days distant, while suffering from wounds or from disease, and the missionaries ministered to all they could reach, of whatever nationality, until the surgeons of the Red Cross Society arrived. The ravages of typhus fever followed, and the death-rate was, for a time, four hundred a day. Four were taken from the family of one of the missionaries. Then came the gaunt and terrible specter of Famine.

Our faithful messengers opened their own stores for relief of the hungry, and, most opportunely, a sum of money came from America just in time to enable them to purchase a quantity of flour and store it in their dwellings, before a siege of six weeks' duration added to the miseries of Erzurum. Greeks, Turks—all of whatever nation or belief—were the recipients of their bounty, and the gospel lesson was most impressively taught by these broad and Christ-like efforts. One prominent citizen exclaimed: "This is

the first great work for humanity I have ever known!" and he recognized the power of the Christian faith which impelled such a ministration. Longing for news from home, the missionaries sent to the Russian General, under a flag of truce, for letters which might have come for them, but they had all been destroyed.

While the masses were starving no violence was offered to the missionary homes, though the storage there of provisions was well known. At length the siege was lifted, and Mr. Cole expected at least a reprimand from the victorious commander-in-chief when the city was entered by the soldiery, but, instead of this, kind words were uttered by that dignitary, who said, when Mr. Cole entered his presence, "This, then, is the American who has kept the city from starvation"; and then and there the Russian general gave him five hundred dollars to purchase flour for the further relief of sufferers. Mrs. Cole gave touching accounts of the marvelous manner in which the Word of God had found its way to the hearts and hands of some who had secretly possessed themselves of the treasure; and the story of a little church was related, which had been formed in Russia where no ordained minister can go, and which needs our earnest prayers in its seclusion. The speaker then led us to a gathering of women in a Turkish village, who were shelling and drying peas on the Sabbath. Mrs. Cole persuaded them to put aside their work, and her graphic language made us realize the scene as those women listened eagerly for three hours to her teaching. One woman asked the missionary, "Is your husband always as kind and attentive to you as he has been to-day?" and she exclaimed when answered, "Tell me what makes the difference between us!" Some of these women were induced to learn to read, that they might find for themselves the truths of the Bible, and one woman actually conquered the difficulties of the primer in the nine days that remained of Mrs. Cole's visit, and when the time came for her to leave, the earnest learner had begun to read the Testament.

The Bitlis field, where Mr. and Mrs. Cole are now stationed, is about the size of Massachusetts, and over this region the "torchlights" of churches and schools are dotted. When the education of their girls was first attempted men exclaimed in astonishment, "Are our daughters to be priests, that they should learn to read!" A graphic picture was given of an uncouth maiden who came to the school and squatted in stupid silence upon the floor, refusing to show the slightest civility; and another picture revealed the same girl after two years' instruction, as she came with loving and respectful demeanor to beg the privilege of making a garment for Mrs. Cole, in preparation for her visit to America; and she accomplished this quickly and in her recreation hours; and the exquisite neatness of the work won especial commendation from her grateful teacher.

Mrs. Cole closed with the earnest request that prayer should go up for religious liberty in Turkey, and that the people there might learn the way of truth and the life as it is in Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Ousley, colored missionaries of the Southeast African field, eleven thousand miles away, told of the small beginning of their work and the encouragements, which shed some faint rays of light on the surrounding darkness. Mrs. Rand of the Micronesian Mission gathered many points of interest concerning those far-away islands, glancing back to the day when the work began among that people who had no knowledge of Christ, no written language, and whose chiefs were all polygamists, and the houses of the natives were but single rooms where the many inmates crowded together. With a few rapid words the contrast was drawn and the little Christian homes were pictured. It was noted that civilization had not depleted the population there, and the statement that religion is a reality in the hearts of those islanders was proved by the heroic, manly, Christian way they treated the Spaniards, whose invasion is a matter of recent history.

Ladies under appointment were presented to the assembly and thus we were permitted to look upon the faces of Miss Foss, who soon goes to Ponape with her sister Mrs. Rand, and of Mrs. Tewksbury, who sails in June with her husband for the North China mission. Mention was made of Miss Nugent and Miss Gordon of Canada, who are to join the Marathi mission, and of Miss Kent of Vermont, who will go to Kobe, Japan. A little figure, robed in crimson drapery, then came upon the platform, and was introduced as Mrs. Karimkar of Bombay, who is now studying medicine in Philadelphia in preparation for work in India. In a charming, earnest way, she portrayed the idolatries of her countrywomen, and the entreated Christians to take that country upon

their hearts as a mother cares for her child.

Mrs. Smith, the President, said a few tender words to the missionaries, and gave them, as a parting text, those thrilling words to Joshua from the chapter read at the opening of the meeting, "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

The closing prayer was offered by Mrs. Bowker, and the missionaries present can never forget her earnest petitions for them and for their work.

After the doxology this delightful meeting of the Woman's Board was merged into a social hour of fellowship as the ladies lingered to take each other by the hand, and to give renewed assurances of sympathy and love to those who are soon to depart for foreign fields.

With warmest greeting to all our workers, I am sincerely yours,
LUCY M. FAY.

LET HIS PRAISES RING.

Our surroundings all speak the praises of Christ. All that is good and beautiful must be ascribed to him who has given us all. Seemingly mute and inanimate objects ring with the echo of our praises. In the dew of early morn the orb of day has drawn the curtain of night, its rays have shot athwart the diamond-studded firmament of heaven, the brilliant sun has risen in majestic splendor, shedding forth its rays of light and warmth, cheering the hearts of all. This is as Christ. He has shed forth the rays of light and the warmth of his love. He has risen!

In the calm and still of evening, under the myriad twinkling stars, in the cool, scented atmosphere of your garden, replete with sweet flowers, beautiful shrubs and stately trees, you may luxuriously recline in a rustic arbor, or on the soft velvet sward, and inhale the perfume-laden air in copious quantities, rapturously lulled into unconsciousness of cares, trials and perplexities. This is the pure moral atmosphere which surrounded Christ's life. Our love for him makes it possible for our surroundings to ever be as pure and fragrant and filled with blissful peace and pleasure. Praise him!

A beautiful, still sheet of water, its liquid depths as clear as crystal, the surroundings are lost in the depths of magnificent forests of gigantic proportions, you are drifting idly upon its tranquil bosom, and mechanically drive your boat into a glade walled in high above by interlaced branches. The sweet songs of birds, singing their joyous carols, exert a happy influence upon you—light-hearted songs they are, and seem to speak of Him who has created all, and made our life so full of joy and happiness. Let even the beautiful birds sweetly sing His praises.

A mountain canyon, in which you have camped during the heated term of the city; the towering peaks and cliffs rise in lofty grandeur high above you, clothed in a dense growth of ferns, brush and tall trees, which loom up in bold relief far out in space, as though they would topple and fall with a crash to the rocks below. A tiny stream is wending its way in its tortuous course down the canyon. It tinkles musically as it merrily glides from bolder to bolder in its rocky bed—its liquid depths are pure and clear as crystal; the soft, harmonious hum of its transparent waters seem to echo the theme of your thoughts, and ring in their praises of Christ. Let the tiny lily whisper his glory, let the great seas respond and re-echo his name all over our earth!

You ascend the mountain side and look downward into the vast gorges, and when you have ascended the highest peak in sight you still see one more lofty yet. Perhaps you are on the brink of a steep precipice, and look downward to the ragged rocks far below. The grandeur of nature in its wildest form has impressed you, an exclamation of rapture and praise escapes your lips and ends in song as you take up the delightful strain of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Scarcely have you uttered a word before the silent mountains and serene canyons take up the song of praise, which reverberates and resounds an innumerable number of times, as the mighty mountains, lofty peaks and deep canyons voice your praises to God. Let the mightiest and strongest praise him, as well as the most gentle and feeble, for he is the most noble and worthy Ruler, King and Lord of all.
W. F. A.

The next International Sunday-school Convention, which is to be held in Pittsburgh, June 24-27, will be unusually important in many respects. It will elect a new lesson committee, arrange for a World's Sunday-school Convention to be held in the United States in 1892 or 1893, to discuss the question of a uniform course of normal lessons, and plan for co-operation in Sunday-school work throughout the world.

THE LODGE AND THE APOCALYPSE.

[Read by ex-President J. B. Anarch before the Monday Club.]

"Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea; for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath; because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. xii: 12).

Moses Stuart, the celebrated Hebraist and commentator, taught us at Andover that the Revelation had been a sealed book to the Church by reason of false principles of interpretation—attempts to apply its august and awful symbols to particular historic persons and events. He said that the Apocalypse was a "pictorial and pantomime" sketch of "the fate and fortune of the Church down to the close of time"—that, like all prophecy, it is highly generic, and is fulfilled by whatever fulfills it.

The very remarkable passage, cited above, teaches, as the whole Bible teaches, that the ceaseless struggle between right and wrong and the devil, who is the author of that struggle, did not originate in our little earth; but that evil has affected natures superior to ours, and has "come down" from them to us; and that, in this stupendous conflict, Christ is the leader on one side and Satan on the other.

There is a book, now going on its third century, whose author was called by John Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, "the inimitable Ralph Cudworth." The title of Cudworth's book is "The Intellectual System of the Universe"; and Robert Hall called John Howe, who so strongly endorses Cudworth, "a lumbering wagon loaded with gold." This book "The Intellectual System of the Universe," produced by the intellectual giants of Cromwell's time, and in the furnace which forged out our English and American liberties, paints Christ as the "Captain of the heavenly militia," sure, at last, to triumph over the hosts of darkness. And the Apocalypse is the text of their teaching. Beginning with an august angel-photograph of Christ and a sketch of the seven Churches, the Apocalypse moves on through seven seals opening, seven trumpets sounding and seven vials poured out. And it leaves Christ, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," in the midst of God's throne (Rev. v: 6); while it lands Satan, the head of all trickery, secrecy and shams, with his battalion of beasts, images, false priests and false prophets, in a "lake of fire and brimstone," which is the last we see of them; and, whatever this lake picture of horror means, it cannot mean a bed of roses.

Then follows the finale of this stupendously magnificent drama, ushering us into a state of human existence, described in less than thirty words; to utter the full import of which would require the accents of angels and the intonations of heaven: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain" (Rev. xxi: 4).

Christ must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet (1 Cor. xv: 25). And Paul teaches the Philippians (ii: 10) that to Christ "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord—of things in heaven, in earth and under the earth." And John (Rev. v: 13) saw that universal worship of Christ being enacted. But we must not forget that Christ had before said, of those on the left hand, "These shall go into everlasting punishment; and, even in the closing chapter of the Apocalypse, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," which seems to exclude some from the bliss of the new heavens and earth. It is now fashionable to impute these terrible doctrines of future final "wrath to come" to the Middle Ages, to priests, to ministers and fanatics, forgetting that the direct forms and endless duration of future punishment are uttered by Christ, who died for sinners, who prayed for his murderers, and whose nearly last word spoken on earth was the pardon of a thief.

OUR TEXT.

Let us now turn to the passage at the head of this paper. Let us consider its import; and whether, as Congregational ministers, especially on this Pacific Coast, we have any particular concern in it.

A prominent citizen on this coast, Dr. R. H. McDonald, on clear and substantial authority, has given to his Church (the First Congregational) the fearful fact that there are 4,500 drinking places in San Francisco. Thus, with only half the population of Chicago, this city has 500 more drinking places, and Chicago averages one murder in its saloons for every Sabbath in the year. This fact is, perhaps, the worst drink record on earth, if Dr. McDonald's facts are true. While I was a student in Andover, in the long ago, Cheever was whipped and imprisoned for writing up "Deacon Giles' Distillery," which sold Bibles and manufactured whisky. And the same New England Coast still sends missionaries and New England run to Africa, in the same bottoms, which destroys many times over more natives than Livingstone, Stanley, and our missionaries can save. And voters who are called Christian license and legalize this liquor traffic.

And when we consider the mixed people in San Francisco, drawing its population from around the globe, and so sharing not only the opium which British cannon forced on China, but arrack, date juice and the intoxicants of the whole world; and as we want no Bible but the daily press and the records of our criminal courts to prove that intoxicated men are children of the devil, liars and murderers from the beginning—we

have only to open our eyes to see that "the devil is come down to us in great wrath." God grant that "he may know he hath but a short time."

FALSE WORSHIP.

Liquor intoxicates, but by false worship, Satan chloroforms men. Hence, by far the most universal, fearful and fatal of all intoxicants on our globe, what makes nations heathen, and earth an Aeldama and Golgotha, is false worship, which includes all self-projected worships, worships invented by men, administered by priests, and inhabited by devils.

When the Son of God assumed our nature and began his kingdom to fill the world with "righteousness, peace, and joy," the devil met him with the proposition to allow him (Satan) to have the worship, and the Saviour might have the kingdom of the world and the glory of them.

He well knew, from his experience in Eden, that Cain's religion, which had no Christ or Mediator, would murder Abel's followers, whose religion had both. He knew that a Christless religion would make the true, Infinite God, inaccessible to finite minds. So that a false worship would make man serve false gods. And this has been the experience of mankind, and is so unto this day.

SOME HISTORY.

When Columbus discovered America, three men, born ten years apart, soon came to rule Europe, which ruled the world. These were Henry VIII of England, Francis I of France, and Charles V of Spain.

The religion of these three monarchs was, at first, much the same. Henry wrote against Luther, till he wished to be a pope himself. But the Great Alfred had taught the Bible to the English people; and, in the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, a handful of pious peasants, afterwards called Congregationalists, with a sprinkling of small gentry, in Nottinghamshire and Scrooby Manor, in the North of England, cut loose from priestism, and proclaimed a Church of God, to be a little independent Republic. And Hume, Macaulay and Lord Brougham, in nearly the same words, declare that handful of peasants and their Puritan associates, the source of British liberty; the vanguard of the freedom of the world.

The monarchs, Francis and Charles, busy with their wars and rivalries, allowed the Pope to teach and tax their people, and to rule kings by his money, and the superstition of their people. And for two centuries and upward, till the United States arose, the religion which teaches salvation by sacraments and ceremonies, has sunk Spain from a first to a sixth or seventh class nation; and produced people, multitudes of whom could not write a vote, or read one if written for them. The descendants of those people settled, and, according to their ideas, sanctified California.

Their first Mission in this city, properly named "Dolores" (for it was indeed dolorous), was planted here in 1776, the very year when a people who had escaped from the prisons and pillories of priests in Europe, issued their "Declaration of Independence" written in the New Testament, 1800 years before; but buried for all that time; declaring that men are "of one blood," and therefore equal and free.

From Boston, the City of Haccock and Sam Adams, and birth-place of the American Revolution, to San Francisco, and its "Dolores" Mission, there stretch 3,000 miles of land, which in 1776 was substantially one wide wilderness; but now the two cities are neighbors, within speaking distance. Sam Adams was a Puritan. The missionaries were priests. In 124 years the Puritans and their children and followers have bound the two cities together by a commercial railroad, and planted its stations across the Continent with flowers.

The Spanish priests, who were under solemn vows of poverty, then owned this whole coast. They planted here twenty-one missions, whipped 20,000 Indians into service, taught them some man-invented rites; and in 1825 owned millions of domestic animals, and millions of gold and silver. Their missions have vanished, and their masses died into echoes. The explanation of this contrast is not in inferiority or superiority of races. Isabella of Castille was not inferior to Victoria of England, nor are Spaniards naturally inferior to Englishmen. The whole historic riddle is solved by this single fact. The Puritans went to Christ for their salvation, while the Spaniards took their religion from priests, and since Christ, there are no priests, but counterfeiters and usurpers. This man, Christ, is our only priest, because he continueth ever—bath an unchangeable priesthood. (Heb. vii: 24)

JESUITISM AND FREEMASONRY.

But there is difference in priests. The Jesuits are universally unpopular and dreaded. All good Catholics hate them; and even the Pope holds his breath before the General of their Order. The Order was formed by Ignatius Loyola, at midnight, in an underground chapel, beneath the Convent of Martyrs, Paris, in 1540. One hundred years later the English people executed their king, Charles I, for treason. He was corrupted by Jesuits through his Queen. The Jesuits undertook to restore his son, Charles II, to his father's throne, overthrown by Cromwell, and succeeded. They induced Charles, while an exile in France, to join secretly, both the Papacy and the Freemasonry. In Paris, the Jesuits' College of Clermont, "Paris,

which was the headquarters of the exiled Stuarts, the Jesuits formed what they called chapter degrees, up to the Royal Arch, in which Masons swear obedience and assistance to their superiors, right or wrong." The name "Chapter," signifying a "Dean and his clergy," shows the priestly origin of these upper degrees. And they swore in enough Protestant Masons in England to put Charles II on the throne. This union of Popery and Freemasonry to crush Protestantism and free government in Europe, is explicitly stated in Rebold's "General History of Masonry in Europe" (page 54), a work dedicated to all the lodges on both continents; and these facts are confirmed by other Masonic authors. The scheme of the Jesuits failed by the interposition of God. James II, brother to Charles II, came out an open Papist, threw the mace into the Thames, and followed his mother and brother to France. The French called him "the simpleton who lost three kingdoms for a mass." The Prince of Orange came in, and Protestantism and constitutional government were saved. But the identity of Jesuitism and Freemasonry is not in their history alone, but in their nature. Both rest on two pillars—sworn secrecy and subjection of man to man. Both promise salvation by ceremonies, and both are thus sworn substitutes for and subversion of free government and of the atonement of Christ. Even the Papist Mr. Powdery begins his usake to the Knights of Labor thus, "What we require is secrecy and obedience."

If any one has a lingering doubt whether Masonry and its modern progeny are opposed to the religion of Christ, he has only to open his eyes and inform himself. Chicago has one thousand secret lodges to three hundred and nineteen churches. Thousands of colored women in the South stand at their wash-tubs, and board their husbands, whose wages support the secret lodges. The Sovereign Commander of Masons in the United States is Albert Pike, a New Englander, who, under the weak Buchanan, drew Indian school money from the United States Treasury, and, with it, raised a brigade of Indians, who fought under the rebel Van Dorn against General Curtis at Pea Ridge. There are men now living, who, after that battle, saw our Union soldiers in blue uniform on that battle field, cold and stiff, with their scalps torn off and holes in their skulls. Before General Pike could induce Cherokees and Choctaws to fight the flag that fed them, he took fifty of their leaders to Washington, and, by cut-throat and blood-curdling oaths, in Federal Lodge No. 1, bound them to obey their Masonic superiors. The ten lodges in the District of Columbia "all went for secession." Oaths are administered on the Bible in the United States Supreme Court, and at the inauguration of Presidents at our National Capitol. But if a quotation from that Bible should be needed in a Masonic lodge, the name of Christ is omitted where it occurs. And if any one, blinded by the glaring falsehoods of the Lodge, doubts whether it is a false religion, let him look in his dictionary at the meaning of the words "altar" and "priest," and one glance at the brood of "unfruitful works of darkness" will dispel his doubts.

But the nature and fate of these false worships are settled so far as discussion and the Scriptures can settle them. Sixty years ago, the Lodge murdered Morgan for revealing its secrets, and the discussion went to the people. There were then 2,000 Lodges, and 50,000 Masons in the United States. Of these, the digest of the Grand Lodge of Iowa tells us that 1,500 Lodges went down, and 45,000 Masons withdrew; thus confirming the revelation and confessing the crime. Several States passed laws to suppress Masonry. All that was venerable in talent and patriotism and statesmanship condemned the Lodge as treason; and 228,000 votes, one-fourth or fifth of our entire poll in 1832, were cast for its demolition. That year the slave question arose and drove the Lodge out of politics. But the slave question was the Lodge question. All but a few Lodges went South, and their Lodges hatched treason and secession. The lodge discussion was reopened 23 years ago. National Conferences have lately been held in Boston and Chicago, endorsed by such men as Dr. McCosh, of Princeton; Storrs, of Brooklyn; and Joseph Cook, of Boston. A Bureau of Correspondence is formed in the Congregational Theological Seminary of Chicago, and students in 50 institutions are united in it, and men from 19 denominations have addresses against the Lodge. And this great jury for God and humanity are agreed in the following particulars; at least, no dissent has appeared in our papers or conventions. Thus we hold:

1. That the Secret Lodge System spurns the example, teachings, and claims of Christ.

2. That the Lodge worships, being Christless, are Gentile, and so paid to devils.

3. That the High Places, Shrines, and Side-altars of the Bible were secret Lodges.

4. That Popery is the Mother of Masonry; that Jesuits manufactured most of the 33 degrees of the ruling Masonic rite; and oppose only such Masons as Mazzini and Garibaldi, who oppose the Pope.

5. That Masonic mysteries came from Egypt, through Assyria and Greece, and so are heathen; and Paul commands us to dis fellowship them as "unfruitful works of darkness," (Eph. v: xi) and "fellowship with devils." (1 Cor. x: 20)

6. That the Jesuits are the head Secret Society of the world.

7. That the Apocalypse designates these Priest Systems as "Babylon, the Great," and an "image of the first Beast; and "The Great Whore sitting on many waters," which the Book identifies as "the city which reigneth over kings," which is Rome. (Rev. 17, 18)

8. That this complex System of abominations must speedily fall, as a millstone into the sea, and "be found no more at all. (Rev. 18, 21) Christ, Satan, will have the worship of mankind, and truth and right prevail, and the Lord's Prayer be answered—'His Kingdom come, and His will be done, on earth as in heaven.'

9. That this final triumph of the Lamb, the Suffering Conqueror, must be preceded and attended by fearful antagonisms and convulsions, as the mightiest triumph of truth and right in the United States filled 82 Southern graveyards with Northern dead, and "the acceptable year of the Lord" is, in the Scriptures, always joined with "the day of vengeance of our God." But though earthquakes rend the earth to atoms, and its internal fires consume it, Christ has said to his disciples, "There shall not a hair of your head perish." (Luke 21, 18)

GLORIFY GOD.

Our sanctuary services and our communion seasons will be little worth if they do not lead us to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. But wherever our piety is genuine and our consecration unreserved, we shall seek in all things to glorify God. Let the attainment of this be the object for which we pray, and after which we strive. It will add happiness to our hearts and give influence to our lives. It will bring the dry details of business and domestic life into harmony with the devotions of the closet and the fellowship of the sanctuary; we shall have beneath the bustle and activity and anxiety of commerce a hidden joy carrying—

"Music in the heart
Mid dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying our daily task with busier feet,
Because our secret souls a holy strain repeat."

And in the end we shall receive from the lips of Him whose approbation is eternal honor the commendation, "Well done! Thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." If, therefore, Christ hath redeemed you by his precious blood, see that you consecrate yourself to him; so will your heart become a die wherewith you shall stamp on all you do, and on all you have, this impressive inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." But remember it must be in the heart first; and to have it there you must lovingly and believingly receive Jesus as your Saviour and Sovereign.—W. M. Taylor, D.D.

"LOOK TO THY CONSCIENCE."
Wouldst thou preserve thy faith, look to thy conscience. A good conscience is the ship faith sails in; if conscience be wrecked, how can it be thought that faith would be safe? If faith be the jewel, then conscience is the cabinet in which it is kept; and if the cabinet be broken, the jewel must needs be in danger of losing. Now you know what sins waste the conscience—sins either deliberately committed or impudently continued in. Oh, take heed of deliberate sin; like a stone thrown into a clean stream, it will disturb thy soul, and muddy it, that thou, who even now couldst see thy interest in the promise, will now be at a loss, and not know what to think of thyself; they are like a fire on the top of a house, it will be no easy matter to quench it. But if thou hast been so unhappy as to fall into such a slough, take heed of lying in it by impotence; the sheep may fall into a ditch, but it is the swine that wallow in it; and therefore how hard wilt thou find it, I think, thou, to act thy faith on the promise when thou art by thy filthy garments and besmeared countenance so unlike one of God's holy ones! It is dangerous to drink poison, but far more to let it lie in the body long. Thou canst not act thy faith, though a believer, on the promise, so as to apply the pardon it represents to thy soul, till thou hast renewed thy repentance.—Gurnall.

"AT THE POINT OF DEATH."—Jesus Christ has pledged His word to meet you when you come to the point of death. He has said: "I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." When human skill has exhausted its resources; when hope dies out from the eyes of your friends; when love is weeping in secret—He will come. And when the death darkness is gathering, and you can see no face, and hear no whisper, and feel no touch of mortal hand any more; and when you cannot speak, or look, or lift your hand to make on this side the veil one sign, or breathe one prayer more—He will come then, and before you are aware, the "point of death" will become to you the gate of life for evermore.—Dr. Raleigh.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]
ON A COPY OF GUIDO'S BEATRICE CENOL.

Did she really look at Guido so?
Panning on the scaffold stair
With pale, sweet face, all marble in its woe.
And eyes of deep despair—
Wide-open eyes so full of yearning pain,
Looking, "Help me ere I die!"
Sail, appealing eyes, that ne'er ag in
Will look on earth or sky.
"Oh, to live! to live!" that pleading gaze
Cries in its dumb afflict,
Seeing love and hope and all sweet days
End now in starless night.
Alas! what is that face but pictured woe?
Pale woe, sadder far than tears;
And yet, O lost one, must it needs be so?
Look up, beyond thy fears,
Beyond the scaffold and the gall;
For—black and ax above—
God's mercy raleth over all!
Trust to the Father's love;
May he not help thee even now?
Look past thy woe to Him;
His peace will touch that darkened brow,
And light thy pathway dim.

This was her face as Guido saw it last;
What saw God on the hidden face
Just ere the ax fell and the spirit passed
In that last dread moment's space?
Was it Peace? Who knows? It may have
been,
For God can help in blackest hour,
If we but look beyond our grief and sin,
And trust in his uplifting power.

Ab, we each like the lost Cenci go
Down life's stairway to our doom,
Each pulled downward by his weight of woe
To the dim, mysterious tomb.
May not we, too, look beyond, above?
Through shadow look to light;
E'en in darkness feel that God is love;
Love leading through the Night?
OAKLAND, 1890. F. H. BALCH.

A GREAT MAN.

Rev. Dr. Broadus recently related the following incident during a Sabbath-school talk in Detroit:

An old man used to sweep the street-crossings for gratuitous pennies near the houses of parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on that stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world, sitting on a stool, in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street-sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.—Our Church Homes.

The pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword-points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies, also, are at his service; softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs.—Modern Painters.

The Paris old soldiers' home, the Hotel des Invalides, will very likely soon be closed. The number of inmates has decreased from 3,000 to 280, and the Government thinks of closing the half-empty buildings, and letting the old soldiers shift for themselves on pensions of 300 or 400 francs a year.

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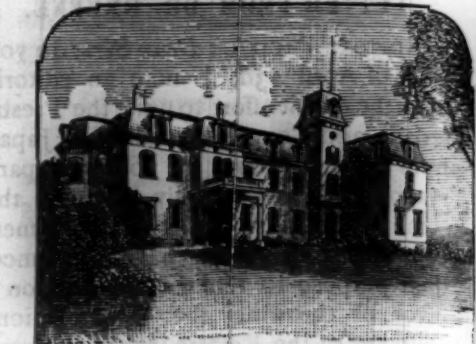
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And every endowment of mind;
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To move in fashionable life.
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
Who will to her household looks
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant, stupid cooks?)
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen—
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A very domestic person;
To callers she must not be "out";
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about.
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings—
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

To conduct the ladies' meeting,
The sewing circle attend;
And when we work for the needy,
Her ready assistance to lend;
To clothe the destitute children
Where sorrow and want are rife;
To hunt up Sabbath-school scholars—
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Careful to entertain strangers,
Traveling agents, and such;
Of this kind of "angel visits"
The leaders have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And "hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to their parson's"—
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A perfect pattern of prudence
To all others, spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress;
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would add our laudable strife
To save the society's money—
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

—Primitive Methodist.

DEACON DARLEY'S SUPPLY.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a very hot day in July, and the church at Rillton, exposed to the noon sun, was not, in fact, a cool retreat, whatever it might have been metaphorically. As the minister rounded out his discourse, a close observer might have noticed that there was less of the long-suffering expression upon the faces of the regular church-goers than usual, and more of the shadow of restlessness that began to lift itself as the speaker promised his lastly. He finished at length, and gave out what one called his "hot Sunday hymn."

"By cool Sileas's shady rill," and then, his face streaming with perspiration, sat down to fan himself vigorously while the congregation sang his selection to the very end. After the benediction, before the congregation had turned to pass out, he said, "I shall be absent from my duties here for four weeks, and during that time Deacon Darley will provide the pulpit supply."

There was a hum among the people as they left the church, for Rillton had until this moment known nothing of pastors' summer vacations, and consequently nothing of a ministerial supply, and it was quite natural that the new condition should present to their minds a subject for discussion.

Deacon Darley felt to the very soles of his feet the thrill of that sense of importance that, coming never so late to an experience, must affect one greatly. His wife followed him down the aisle with gaze cast upon the flowered engrain that had done duty with the successive generations for many a year. She felt her heart throb beneath her black silk, and was very thankful that her most intimate friend and neighbor forebore to question her about the supply. The deacon and his wife passed between the files of young people who were to remain for the Sabbath-school service, and reached the old tree under which the family horse had been spending the sacred hour, using perhaps, who knows? a horse philosophy with regard to these regular tarryings under the ancient elm.

Did he notice that the deacon did not pat him as usual, and that his wife did not offer the usual words—part greeting and part pity—that she always had for him after the long service was over? If he did, he should have excused the omission if he knew that the deacon and his wife had not exchanged a word even between themselves.

They were well on their way home and had entered the shady lane where Dobbin had improved his privilege of walking leisurely, when the deacon with a slight tremor of embarrassment in his voice, said: "I think, Eunice, the people were a good deal surprised at the notice."

"I can't say as to that," replied the wife, "nobody spoke to me about it; but I did hear Mrs. Deacon Sampson whisper to somebody—she wondered where Deacon Darley was to get the supply. I'm sort of worried, I must say, when I think your cousin is so young, and we don't know anything about his religious views on the particular doctrines that our minister holds; it would be a great blow to us if he shouldn't turn out well-grounded; it would be a scandal on your reputation, husband."

"A son of my cousin Margaret couldn't be a disgrace to anybody. He's poor, that's the worst that can be said about him; but if I've heard the truth about him, he's going to make his mark; and as preachers ain't plenty in our family, I feel like making the most of him." Dobbin turned into the yard, and the deacon helped his wife out of the carriage and drove toward the stable

to give the horse his opportunity for real Sabbath rest.

Monday noon Deacon Darley came home from the postoffice bringing two letters. The first opened was one from the young minister, with the word that he would arrive in Rillton the following Saturday.

"I can't think who sent this letter," said his wife, holding it up to the light as if she could enjoy the mystery before she attempted to solve it. "The handwriting," she continued, "is above the average; don't you think so, husband?" "You're going against a woman's nature, Eunice, holding that letter sealed so long; I've got impatient myself; open it, wife, and make end of it," replied the deacon.

"Deacon Darley!" she exclaimed, "just read this!" and she gave the delicate sheet into the work-roughened hand.

The deacon opened it and read:

"Dear Cousin Eunice: I believe I owe the right to thus address you as the daughter of one who was your most intimate cousin. I want to see you, and then I have another purpose in asking if I may come to Rillton and spend a month with you. I have heard of the great beauty of the region in which your village is, and I would like to take some early autumn sketches. I am going to believe that you will say yes; and if I find that that it is not convenient for you to give me room in your house, I feel sure I can find a place among your people. I shall probably arrive by the noon train on Saturday next." The letter finished with a promise of further explanation at meeting, and was signed, Felicia Furman.

"Well, I call that a pretty sort of letter, wife, don't you?"

The deacon's words exasperated his wife. "Well, I should say, Deacon Darley!" she exclaimed, "a pretty letter, indeed; and its puts me in a pretty plight. There's but one spare room, and, of course, that must go to the minister, and what am I to do about another company room?"

"Why, I should say that the room over the sitting-room was good enough for anybody. Good enough for the minister, Eunice. Give the girl the parlor bed-room?"

"Deacon Darley, do you know what you are talking; I don't mean to set myself against the old ways of doing things; and whoever heard of giving the minister the second best?"

"Well, all I have to say," persisted the husband, "is that if he's anything like his mother, so long as things are lean and sweet, as you're sure to have them, Eunice, he'll never mind whether it's the parlor chamber or the other one."

But the wife shook her head, her mental vision brought to her a long array of ministers that were entertained during those far-away years, and all had been given the company chamber.

The deacon saw something in his wife's face that warned him to hold his peace with regard to the matter, and simply saying, "Well, Eunice, decide as you like, and if we haven't a place for the young lady, why, I think I can find one in the village somewhere," went out to think over the situation all by himself, and to wonder why Providence should so order it that a minister and an artist should be sent at the same time. The good man couldn't make up his mind that it was just the thing to pray over, yet he could not help feeling the Lord must have had some important design in thus ordering affairs. He decided to walk softly and wait developments in a willing frame of mind. There were some preparations to be made around the place—these were for the artist—and then there were mental and spiritual conditions to be brought about before he could presume to meet the minister.

The reputation of Rillton for beauty that had reached the ears of Miss Furman belonged to it rightfully; there were in the outskirts of the village, roads that led away to retired spots that were marvels of attraction, and an artistic eye could have discovered much that would have been passed unnoticed by those who were trained only to recognize utility in nature. The Darley homestead possessed great capabilities and attractiveness, but like many another place in the village, these, if discovered, has not been developed; in some of these instances for lack of time, strength and means, for most of the people had not gone beyond the bread-winning period, and thought, and care, and labor must go for substantial things.

But Deacon Darley, recognizing the fact that a minister and an artist coming together was a remarkable coincidence and a great honor, opened his eyes to see that the home-yard, with its trees and shrubbery, had been sadly neglected, and suddenly an idea struck him—he would set his man to work it and try to make it look a little more tidy. Then another thought claimed his attention—Eunice ought to have a woman to help her in the house—there was Jim Sutton's widow whom the church had helped about the funeral expenses for her husband; perhaps she would like to turn an honest penny—suppose he should harness Dobbin and go down and see? That seemed the thing to do privately, for if he should ask Eunice, she might object, "and, after all, poor wife," he whispered, with an ardor that he had not allowed himself to indulge in for years, not in fact since his honeymoon, "it might be just the thing to give her a little surprise."

So Dobbin and the deacon on this July afternoon found themselves jogging along through the lane, the sun glinting through the trees, and now and then an odoriferous zephyr offering itself to a sense

that had become so accustomed to fresh, sweet, country air, that it had taken it as a matter of course that all air was perfumed.

The Widow Sutton fell in at once with the deacon's proposition. "I'll go right in and go home with you, if you'll wait for me to get together a change of clothing," she said.

The deacon had not counted upon these arrangements, and he began to have those misgivings common to the experience of a man who had all his married life depended upon the judgement of his wife in deciding upon important steps. But as we have said, the good man was possessed with something of the fervor of his early married life, and why shouldn't he follow his impulse and give Eunice a complete surprise? He would; and defy even his reason in doing it.

His wife had missed him—had been the rounds—looking into every nook and corner where she thought it possible for him to be, and forgetting to visit the carriage-house, until at last she had taken the path toward the house; then she turned, and entering it, saw the carriage was gone. It was very singular; he had never in the long years since they had been husband and wife done such a thing before. Always, if only at the last minute, he had come in and told her of his going. Well, it was certainly a day of new things. She stood in deep thought, when, hearing the sound of wheels, she looked up to see her husband in the carriage with a woman by his side, entering the drive-way. She stood looking with astonishment as they drove up.

The deacon hardly found the courage to meet his wife's gaze; indeed, as he recalled afterwards, the peculiar state of helplessness in which he found himself he could liken to nothing but the bashful condition that environed the ardor of the hour when he tried to tell Eunice the story of his love.

"Why, Mrs. Sutton, where did you come from?" were the words that Mrs. Darley offered in greeting.

"I've come to help you a bit; the deacon said you needed somebody, as you expected company!" the woman replied, as she got out the carriage and took the bundle from under the seat, when the deacon drove toward the stable, leaving the two to make it right between them.

The surprise was not only a complete but a joyful one, for hidden away, even from her husband's eyes, there was a cherished fancy for being a lady in her own home, and was to be realized at the time when it would be most agreeable? It seemed so. She showed herself equal to the opportunity. She took at once the position she had coveted for years, and astonished the man who had thought there was nothing in the minds or the manners of his wife that was unknown to him.

(To be continued.)

CONSULT YOUR WIFE.

Two men were talking about a business enterprise in which, though it involved some pecuniary risk, they were strongly inclined to embark. Finally one of them remarked:

"I must consult my wife before I decide."

"Why," exclaimed the other, "is she boss?"

"No," was the reply, "neither am I. We are a well-matched team; and we don't drive tandem. My wife is as much interested in the welfare of our family as I, and she has a right to have a voice in the investment of our little property."

There was nothing more than justice in this view of matrimonial obligation, especially in the case of poor, or only moderately well-to-do families, and these comprise an overwhelmingly large proportion of the families in this country, where a slight increase or diminution in the earnings would be felt alike by every member. The wife, who has labored in the home to earn or to save, while the husband has labored in the field, or shop, or counting-room, is justly a partner in earnings and savings, and should share in all plans for disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make it more productive if all goes well.—*Locomotive Engineer's Journal.*

WHEN BEFORE THE CAMERA.

Look as you always do. The attempt to put on an extraordinary expression for the occasion, has spoiled many a picture. The instantaneous plate is a grand thing in the hands of the operator of judgment; he can snap the shutter when he sees the natural expression, and before the sitter has assumed an expression for the occasion. This is desirable and, to the person of good sense, is satisfactory.

Remember, the photographer is not to make your looks. He will endeavor to execute it to the best advantage; but it must be as you are, and not as you would like to be.

Complaints by women of their pictures being "too old" are numerous. I only remember one where the complaint was "too young."

I cannot conclude these few words of advice to women when sitting for their portraits better than by saying briefly: Dress simply and becomingly. Act in your natural manner.

Be yourself. Then, if the operator be a good one, you will get a satisfactory picture.—*A. Bogardus, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Money to a man is like water to a plant, only useful as long as it promotes growth—like water in the fountain or water in the tank, keep it flowing, and it blesses; keep it stagnant, and it injures.

Household.

A CHAPTER OF HOUSEHOLD DON'T'S.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the isinglass in the stove doors?

Don't you know your floor oil cloths can be washed in buttermilk or kerosene?

Don't give little children two languages to learn—first baby talk, then afterward true pronunciation.

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove; it will clean out the stove pipe.

Don't throw away nice woolen stockings when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but Don't be a slave to a shining stove or carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an outlet for heated impure air.

Don't throw away old suspender rings, but sew them to the corners of kitchen holders; serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't flit dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't talk servants or family matters to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't you want to know that rose-bugs can be destroyed by adding three or four spoonfuls of kerosene to a watering-pot of water, if used freely when the bugs appear?

Don't fail, in conversation, to occasionally pause and give the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening, prolonged, for interest in your subject.

Don't lose a moment of the day; finish one piece of sewing before commencing another; don't fail to plan the work that several things may be attended to at the same time.

Don't fail to rest yourself during a long day's sewing by changing your seat occasionally, and in warm weather don't fail to remember that washing the face and hands will be found very refreshing.

—Sarah J. Blanchard.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

If the farmer was obliged to buy the vegetables used in his family through the year, he would begin to understand how much money there is in a good garden. If he could not afford to buy them, he would begin to appreciate them as he does not when he has even a limited supply, and that of inferior quality. Take that away entirely, and he would see what a great benefit is derived from a poor garden. Let him keep an account of the money paid out, if he purchases, and at the end of the year he understands, as never before, the amount of good living which the garden supplies, and he would conclude that there is more money in the garden than he had thought.

I would urge every farmer to have a garden, and a good one; for, while a poor one is better than none at all, a good one is so much better that one ought never to be satisfied with anything else. Let him make up his mind to work it at least as well as he does other portions of his farm, and he will find, if he carries out this resolution, and keeps an account of the results, that there is no other portion of the farm which furnishes so much of the family's living, therefore none that "pays" so well. That this is the fact, every one who has a good garden will tell you. It is also a fact that those who have the best gardens appreciate them most. Poor gardens are only to be tolerated on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no loaf at all." Not only does a good garden represent greater quantity, but superior quality, for fine vegetables can not be grown in a garden not properly cared for.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A TRIED CURE FOR INSOMNIA.—Every night, at an early bed-time, take a five-grain pill of assafetida—be careful not to take any strong medicine after three o'clock in the afternoon; half an hour before getting into bed take a hot foot-bath. Let the water be as hot as can be borne at first, and add a little very hot water as it cools. Be sure to keep well covered up, and to have the feet in the water for a full half-hour. A month of this treatment under the most adverse circumstances, completely cured the insomnia of a friend, who had run the entire gamut of narcotics, stimulants, eating before retiring, and tiring himself out.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD AND VICE.—A correspondent writes us as to how the tyrannical custom of prohibiting young widows from remarrying promotes immorality. He well states that the abolition of "Suttee" has left a curse which often proves worse than being burned alive. The life-long servitude, seclusion and utter hopelessness of the tender young lives, causes a blight and a blot upon India that all good people should labour to remove. Secret sin, shame, infanticides and their lives of open vice are the natural fruits of this most unnatural law.—*India's Purity Trumpet.*

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[FROM PRAGUE, AL EX-TRIKER.]

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[Signed:] OLIVER EDWARD CHENEY, Bishop of the Synod of Chicago, Reformed Episcopal Church.

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Congregational Directory.

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PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. E. Souders, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission streets. Rev. J. A. Cruzan, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilcox, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. Charles F. Wood, Pastor. Sunday services, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 1 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—535 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M.; Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHAPEL—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday: preaching by Rev. J. B. Eddie at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement avenues. Sunday-school at 8 P. M. Preaching by C. H. Broadbent at 7:30 P. M.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. David M. Gove, Sup't. Sunday-school at 8 P. M.

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GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF OREGON.

Will meet in Salem, June 24th, 25th, 26th. GENERAL ASSN. OF WASHINGTON. Will meet in Walla Walla Sept. 25th-28th.

THE MID-COLUMBIA ASSOCIATION.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1890.

A remark of Dr. Dwinell's the last week he lived was this: "When the Lord chooses he removes his workmen from one field to another." Thereupon his wife said to him, "Then you believe that in heaven you will have work to do?" He replied, "That is my faith." This remark could be made only by one whose work had never been done as drudgery, and who had found service a delight, and who had been able to escape any very painful sense of weariness and exhaustion. To most people the most obvious thought of heaven is of it as a land of rest. And this is Scriptural, too. For the woes, sorrows, sufferings and burdens of life are commonly so many, so perplexing, so baffling that bliss, with any fulness in it, is not conceivable until toils, cares and pains shall have cessation. But, it will be seen at once that this is only the negative side of the heavenly state, as most of the hints of that state are. There must be, therefore, a positive side; there must be something taken on in place of that which is left off. There must be activity, agreeable activity, delightful activity of all the constituent powers of our being—exercises of our thinking, feeling and willing capacities up to their most engaging possibilities. Otherwise heaven could not be the heaven to which our natures, at their best, are continually aspiring. For renovated souls even this world affords a wide range of satisfying activities, growing ever wider; much more must the heavenly world afford an almost boundless range of intellectual, moral and spiritual activities for such souls after their translation. These are among "the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

Away down the western shore of our continent, and far down toward the southern extremity of Chile, and one hundred miles off the coast, and nearly opposite the "Tres Montes Peninsula," on the 12th of March last, the steamer *Gulf of Aden*, on the way from Greenock, Scotland, to Valparaiso, Chili, foundered at sea. She had aboard eighty in all, passengers and crew. These were gotten into five boats. One of these was soon capsized. Four got away from the wreck. One of them only has been heard from. This one, with fifteen aboard, reached land in two days, and the port of Quellon in sixteen days. Five persons died on the way of thirst, cold, and exposure. Two others died after reaching port. One of the steamers that went out from Quellon in search of the missing boats was itself wrecked, proving a total loss, though the crew escaped. So, continually, around the world the "sea of troubles" rolls, and humanity suffers unto death in its restless enterprise; yet, the vacated ranks are immediately filled, and we applaud. Shall we not be even more ready to applaud when misfortune befalls a missionary enterprise, and scores volunteer to fill the broken ranks.

Wm. Taylor, Missionary Bishop in Africa, is once more in California. In '49 and '50 his voice used to be heard on our "plaza" in song, sermon, and prayer. He is now venerable with years, and worn with labors, having wrought in South America, India, and other lands of the world after a plan of his own, and with good measures of success. That his African plan is one of the ways of evangelizing our world we have no doubt; it is the best plan for every land we cannot believe. Some climates of the world utterly forbid anything like a colonizing scheme. None but natives can do physical work enough to gain a livelihood, and no foreigner can endure anything beyond his work of preaching and teaching without that weariness and exhaustion which result in premature death. The lands where the "heated term" and the "malarial season" never intermit are those where fevers readily intermit or remit; but rarely "mit" till death is at the door. It is not wise for ordinary mortals to invade such countries, even with the gospel of peace. Let prepared spirits go with prepared bodies to the conquest.

A good conscience makes an easy couch.

ANOTHER COMMITTEE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

Our brethren of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting at Saratoga, seem to have carried through the measure for the revision of the Confession of Faith with a generous harmony. As the Congregationalists had some years ago a committee of twenty-five to prepare a statement of doctrine, so the Assembly has appointed its Committee of the same number. As our Committee represented conservative and progressive elements, so the Presbyterian Committee represents both elements, but one will find that the progressive element is very mild. Sixteen who were in favor of revision there are to nine who were not in favor. But of the sixteen there is not apparently a single one who is of the type of Prof. Briggs or Dr. Parkhurst. Besides, the Assembly has stipulated in advance that the Committee "shall not propose any alterations or amendments that will in any way impair the integrity of the Reformed or Calvinistic system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith." As Francis L. Patton was the leader on the floor of the Assembly, so he is likely to be on the sessions of the Committee. Our conservatives on this Coast will feel their interests safe in the hands of Prof. Alexander. The Moderator, Dr. Wm. E. Moore, though he has two sons, one professor in Andover Seminary and one a Congregational pastor in Providence, R. I., who are supposed to be cultivating advanced thought, is himself a well-balanced man, and seems to have moderated with rare success.

The ardent revisionists comforted themselves with the appointment of another Committee on a consensus, or short, creed, which should sum up the great truths in which the various Presbyterians or Reformed families are agreed. This would be more like the work committed the Congregational Committee of Twenty-five. But the National Council of our churches never intended to adopt the statement of doctrine which its Committee of Twenty-five framed; that statement was to have only that kind of authority which the wisdom of the framers or the manifest wisdom of the thing framed might give. But whatever result the Assembly's Committee may reach is to be reported to Assembly and sent down to the Presbyteries, and when voted by these becomes accepted dogma, binding on the ministry and eldership of the Church.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The Congregational Club of Southern California closed their bi-monthly gatherings for the present with an enjoyable outing at Redondo Beach. Quite a large number of our Congregational members in the vicinity came also to have a good time, and to sniff the refreshing ocean breezes. The short literary exercises were in the Redondo Hotel. Dr. Hill, of Pasadena, answered the question, "What can Chautauqua do for us?" R. H. Stone, Supt. of Vernon Cong. Sabbath-school, described what must have been a very interesting Children's Day observance in his own school. Mrs. Frary, of Pomona, told us "How to care for the Lambs." It only remained for Deacon G. T. Hanly, of the Third Church, Los Angeles, to tell us "How to tame the Kids;" then we were at liberty to take a bath or stroll, watch the fishermen, or conclude whether we had better have a Congregational summer resort at Catalina Island, Redondo, Long Beach, or elsewhere.

The Sunday closing of the saloons of Los Angeles is yet the uppermost thought in religious circles. The friends of the measure have obtained between 11,000 and 12,000 names, and these have been presented to the Common Council. A counter-petition, said to have on it some 5,000 or 6,000 names, has also been presented. About the time when this business was to come before our city authorities an immense mass-meeting was arranged for Sabbath evening in Hazard's Pavilion. The intention was to get laymen of prominence and influence to speak, rather than ministers. An energetic committee set forth early to secure titled public speakers, who stood high in political parties and in business circles. Not one of those persons could be persuaded to address that mass-meeting. Their throats were so sore, or their business engagements were such, upon this leisure day of the week, that they could not be present.

"Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's band."

"Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band."

But though prominent ones covered before the saloons, we had one of the grandest of meetings. There was something sublime about it. The speakers, Dr. J. P. Widney, President of the Citizens' Committee, Rev. R. G. Hutchins, D.D., Dr. Edward Thomson, Dr. Russell and Judge Cochran, surpassed themselves in courage, enthusiasm and eloquence. At one point in the meeting, the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was given out. The great chorus-choir,

supported by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra, felt the glow and inspiration of the occasion, and the vast audience joined to voice the battle cry. The effect was thrilling. The glory of the scene was real and great, though the battle flags were lacking.

"Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brethren, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided;
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

"Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail."

The people are still at work securing more names of voters, determined to labor for success until it comes. Some of our business men have a notice like this posted up in their front windows:

This Place Closes on Sunday
Out of Regard for Rights of Conscience,
And Labor's Right
To the Weekly Rest.

Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Tracy, of Ontario, have lately been called upon to part with their oldest child, a girl about 8 years of age, by scarlet fever. Bro. Tracy's wife is sister to Rev. Dr. Harwood of Orange. May God pity the vacant homes and the desolated hearts!

We are soon to have a Congregational Church at Santa Monica. Twenty-one persons are ready to constitute the church. This movement, as we understand it, is a spontaneous reaching out after the liberty which is enjoyed by the membership of all our churches, such as we love to celebrate on the Fourth of July, and have with us every day in the year.

W. A. JAMES

LOS ANGELES, JUNE 14, 1890.

HUMBOLDT.

Among the things of recent occurrence, pleasant to mention, is the spring meeting of the Humboldt Association. It took place the 27th and 28th of May, and was a peaceful, pleasant, intellectual and spiritual meeting. The Female church had the privilege of entertaining the Association, and a pleasant task it proved to be—no burden at all. The Association sermon was preached by Rev. R. Taylor, on Tuesday evening, and was followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Wednesday forenoon was devoted to business, reports from the churches and a conference about the work. In the afternoon of Wednesday we had an address on "Faith and Reason" by Rev. G. Griffiths, a review of "Looking Backward" by Rev. C. A. Huntington and an essay on "Truth" by Rev. Philip Coombe. The closing session was on Wednesday evening, and the time was occupied by two of our Christian women. Mrs. Nelly Percy of Eureka gave an address on "The Heathen at Home" and Mrs. Rev. R. Taylor an address on "The Heathen Abroad," as she knew them in India. There would be little chance to bestow special praise upon any part of the work, did I desire to do so. The meeting seemed good and complete in every part, and all of the exercises exceptionally meritorious.

One of the important transactions of the meetings was to approve Brother J. T. Broms to preach the gospel for one year. This young man has just arrived in the county to take charge of the mission at Rio Dell and Scotia, left vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. Pascoe. Just graduated from the Pacific Theological Seminary, he came armed with the credentials usually obtained at such a place. The Committee of Examination found him of earnest spirit and full of courage, and we placed the seal of the churches upon him and bade him "God speed." He goes to a work where there is a chance to do much good, though the opportunity to establish a permanent work is not very promising. He will find an excellent worker and counselor in Mrs. Pascoe; who, through a devotion that amounts to heroism, has maintained the Sunday-schools of the mission since the death of her husband. Mr. Broms thinks that at Scotia he may have to preach from a redwood log, owing to the places suitable for holding meetings having been secured for services by ministers of other denominations, who labor in adjacent fields. If he does may be able to convert the log into a church building, and then to convert a sufficient number of those lumbermen to fill the building.

The Alton mission languishes. That community of a few houses does not seem to understand that Congregationalism is the "solvent of the denominations," but is talking of a Union church. If our church could rise and build, it would help matters. However, there is no occasion for surprise in the condition of things there. An unholily zeal undoubtedly lies at the foundation of our work there. The church came of the efforts of a man of waning influence to keep a foothold, combined with the efforts of a bad man to extend personal influence. It is in this way that we often get "elephants on our hands." Bro. Taylor is doing all he can for them, but is situated at a disadvantage. He may yet be able to bring light out of darkness there.

One of the things to be accomplished by Rev. and Mrs. Taylor when they undertook the Hydesville and Rohnerville pastorate, was to harmonize discordant

elements, and restore peace and courage. They have succeeded admirably in accomplishing this. Mr. Taylor has recently been in demand by the W. C. T. U. for gospel temperance addresses, and Mrs. Taylor for a lecture on her experiences as a missionary in India. Judging from the address which she gave us at the Association, it would be interesting and profitable to all our churches to hear her on this subject.

The work of the Second Church of Eureka continues to move prosperously under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Griffiths. He is winning the confidence of the people, and has good, appreciative audiences. Twenty-four have been received to membership since he came, thirteen of these on confession of faith. We believe that we have in this brother a substantial addition to the ministerial force of the country—a man who will seek to do the kind of work that is honest and lasting. A young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has been organized and is growing in interest.

J. F. B.

A MEMORIAL FUND.

There are aching hearts to-day in Oakland and San Francisco over the recent calamity which swept so many loved ones in a moment to the unseen world, beside those who have gone by the hand of death in the ordinary ways. A train of thought has come to us, as we have reflected upon these things, which we want to bring to your readers.

The world is perfectly familiar with the idea of memorials in honor of the loved and lost, so that we need spend no time nor words upon the fact that this custom is both natural and appropriate. It is fitting that love should express itself in outward and tangible forms. The usual method of erecting monuments in brick and marble pleases the eye, and is in harmony with certain native instincts of the natural heart. But the world is making wonderful progress in these days, towards higher ideals in many ways, and recent Christian thought has suggested that a better way to cherish the memory of departed ones is to put into living, human souls a kind of development that will go on perpetuating itself in higher and nobler forms of life.

Our Woman's Home Missionary Union offers grand facilities in this line to bereaved wives and mothers. Have you lost a daughter? Other mothers have daughters consecrated to the great work of teaching the intensely ignorant and degraded children of those who have been deluded by a false prophet, and are thereby given over not only to dense ignorance and moral deadness, but are, as a natural and necessary result, a menace to Republican institutions.

The instinct of self preservation in our national life, as well as a Christian sense of obligation to human souls, makes this line of work highly important. A memorial offering to the New West Education Commission will put you in active sympathy and co-operation with this great work. Have you lost a son—there is our Education Society, which, every year, helps noble, struggling young men to fit themselves for important service as ministers of the gospel. Have you lost a husband who was a good and true man—you can even add to his joy in heaven by setting apart to his memory a sum to be devoted annually to the support of a home missionary. Money devoted in any of these living forms of memorial will be a perpetual joy to you, as well as to those who look down upon the act from the standpoint of eternal values. We desire to open a column upon our treasurer's book for just such a "Memorial Fund." Whose name shall stand first on that list?

M. L. M.

FROM CHENEY, WASHINGTON.

Memorial Day was observed here in the usual manner, and on the following Sabbath our pastor delivered an appropriate memorial sermon from Joel iii: 14. Children's Day was observed June 8th. At the morning service the pastor addressed the children, of whom a large number were present, from the words, "Be ye followers of God, as dear children." In the afternoon, instead of the regular exercises of the Bible School the time was given to singing. A beautiful gold thimble was presented to Mrs. Andrus by the children, as a token of their love and appreciation of her efforts in behalf of their school. She accepted the gift with a few well-chosen words, and with much feeling and earnestness urged all present to give their hearts to Christ. A large audience was present at the evening service, which consisted of music, readings, and recitations. Among the selections read was a story from the June Home Missionary about a boy in the Black Hills, which pleased every one. The pastor named the service, "An Evening of Poetry and Song," and a very pleasant one it was.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Andrus, who organized our Bible School, and have been identified with it ever since, have left Cheney, and, after a visit with their son in Tacoma, will locate in the beautiful city of Vancouver, on the Columbia River. They came to Washington from Berlin, Connecticut, in 1879, and located on a farm five miles from Cheney, and came here to Sunday-school every Sunday but two in five years. Once they were detained by sickness and once by a storm. The kindest wishes of many warm friends will follow them to their new home.

EDITH BELKNAP.

CHENEY, Wash., June 10, 1890.

Australian settlers complain that there has been a great increase in destructive insects since the English sparrows arrived and drove out the native birds.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: We have been comfortably quartered with old Minnesota friends in Tacoma, and visiting others who are busy in church work in Seattle. It seems like the old-time struggle between St. Paul and Minneapolis to watch the competition of these two booming cities. I'm in love with the "twin mountain," which they both strive to name, but have to keep my wits about me when naming it in either city. When the real estate boomers have platted all the ground between the cities, they will combine to make one great city, bigger than Chicago, and baptize the great glorious mountain "Sea-Coma," as sign of the lovely compromise. But that will be when "the subsequent proceedings interest" us no more. The First church of Tacoma has a useful, convenient church, with entrances on two streets. The courteous Pastor Hartwell keeps it alive with conventions, reading-room, missionary work, and makes generous plans for all the benevolent societies. The Atkinson Memorial church is a gem. Brother Sims has fully recovered his health, and feeds the flock to their great satisfaction.

The East Tacoma Tabernacle is a comely and useful building in the midst of the mechanical portion of the community, but can ill spare Brother Coburn, who has gone temporarily to push the new church at Aberdeen. At last we have fruit of the Scandinavian youth for whom Superintendent Montgomery has opened the way in Chicago—men who have learned that the real converts from formalities of a State church are simply Congregationalists, while we are what they would understand as American Mission people. It was pleasant to see and hear Pastor Nelson preach to the earnest congregation of Swedes, whom we shall be glad to help build a Free Church of Jesus Christ. Were I beginning pastoral life in Minnesota again, I would go to Sweden and learn its language, for the rare joy and power of mowing a double swath by a ministry in two languages. Heaven is raising up a supply of those who can. In this high latitude the summer days are very long. My lecture at Tacoma First church was well patronized, but it did not begin until 8:30 P.M.

Rev. Geo. A. Tewksbury, the State Secretary of the A. C. U., is the right man in the right place. Prominence does not swerve him from the simplicity and dignity of straightforward service, and his strong shoulders bear up under the loads that are laid on him. A good true, strong church believe in him and second his endeavors. Ellen Foster says she always has a good meeting when she speaks, which is her happy way of saying that she sees the bright side of life, notwithstanding the icicles which point at her republican soul. So I enjoyed the Puget Sound Congregational Club because I spoke, and all the more that the fine speakers before me left me very little time. Everything but the elegant supper, which stole a little too much of our precious time, bore close to the subject—"The Congregational House of Worship in Washington." All were indebted to Rev. Samuel Greene for his clear, concise description of the map, with the towns marked in blue, which are blue because their churches are unboused. Had Brother Greene been pleading for his own noble S. S. and P. S., he could not have been more earnest. Rev. M. S. Hartwell said we can do the work laid on us if we will up and at it. Rev. George Lindsay stated the result of the Union work so far, and the large expectations Washington means to realize. A gifted young Yale lawyer, Everett Smith, pleaded that we follow the example of the Tacoma School Board, and purchase lots for future churches while land is cheap. Mrs. Williams was happy in pleading for parsonages, for she realizes what a home is worth to a minister. Mrs. James Campbell showed how spiritualities will suffer if the temporalities of the church are not devoutly attended to, and I cannot tell what the Field Secretary said, for when he got on his feet all the smooth things he had studied over ran away like the jack rabbits on a California drive and refused to be corralled. Something has got to be done with this ecclesiastical tramp. Fortunate for his field is it that he is going to cool his head in the sweet waters of Minnetonka. If you hear a whoop about July 4th know that he has got there and gone in—head first—all over, and that his first thought is, "Now I am ready for that tug with the—church in—"

Friends, it is a beautiful field. As I cannot boom any particular town, let me glory in them all—if by any means the least may help the Highest and the Holiest in his divine mastery over them. Washington must bear the palm just now for enthusiasm in forward movement along the Congregational line. When a telegram was read that Superintendent Beard was coming home from Saratoga, with \$20,000 of home missionary money and six Yale graduates, there was great applause.

It has been a pleasure to meet Rev. Myron Eells, veteran missionary, who has not only graduated churches, but graduated himself from the dear A. H. M. S., and paid his own bills with a Pauline devotion and enthusiasm. Bro. G. W. Bothwell, just from Oakland, took us with his classmate, Brother Powelson, a pleasant ride to the Indian Reservation, where Superintendent Eells, son of Dr. Eells, and the first white child born in Washington Territory, proves himself the man to manage 18,000 acres and the Indian citizens who are improving them. Dr. Hamilton of Boston, Secretary of College and Education Society, graced the Club at Seattle, and said it seemed like Boston.

Let me lay a Washington rose on the tomb of dear Dr. Dwinell—scholar, citizen, preacher, gentleman, friend. How much more he knows of "fellowship" now he has gone into the infinite and perfect society than when he sent that valuable paper to Santa Barbara! What a legacy he has left of gentle, grateful memories! How glad Dr. Godel will be to see the delightful youth who went out from Calais, Vermont, to bless the land! Dr. Clark of the A. B. C. F. M. is left us of the trinity of grace who have proved the profit of missionary services where there are bright boys, even if no stated pastor. *Serius in colum redact.* EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

TACOMA AND SEATTLE.

WHITMAN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

This took place at Walla Walla, Washington, June 1st-4th. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. H. G. McArthur of Beloit, Wisconsin, from Phil iv: 8, and the Presbyterian church, the largest in the place, was crowded with hearers. A local secular paper speaks of it as a masterly sermon and a magnificent effort, and President Anderson says that too much cannot be said in its favor. The students have decided to have it published.

On Tuesday, June 3rd, Small's Opera house, the largest building in the city, was more than filled to listen to the graduating exercises of the Normal class, nine in number, and of the Academic graduates, four in number. These were of a high order, and the writer could hardly feel that they were Academic graduates, but rather of a higher grade. These were followed by an address by Rev. J. Edwards of Spokane Falls.

On Wednesday evening, the same building, which will hold about eight hundred people, was again filled, which shows the interest the people take in the institution. Five persons delivered essays, orations and a poem—Miss M. Etta Chamberlain, daughter of the late Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, and Messrs. W. M. Van Patten, C. S. Painter, W. C. Gunn and M. Evans. Dr. Anderson then addressed the various graduates, and conferred the degrees on those in the Academic, Normal, Musical and Collegiate departments. He also announced that the degree of Master of Arts had been conferred in course on Messrs. J. E. Boyer and G. P. Anderson, that of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. T. M. Gunn, Synodical Missionary of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. H. G. McArthur of Beloit, Wisconsin, and Rev. Myron Eells of Skokholm, and that of Doctor of Laws on Hon. J. B. Allen of Walla Walla, United States Senator from Washington. Rev. J. A. M. Money then delivered the Commencement address.

Excellent music was furnished by the Whitman Chorus, and various individuals throughout the exercises. Rev. J. A. Hamilton, D.D., of Boston, Secretary of the American College and Education Society, was present, and on the next day addressed the people on the interests of education, in the Congregational church. The Whitman Historical Society elected President A. J. Anderson as President; Rev. M. Eells, Vice-President; Hon. E. C. Ross, Second Vice, Henry Kelling, Secretary; Jay Anderson, Treasurer; and Prof. W. D. Lyman, Historian. The society received an offer of \$500 from the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon at Astoria, on condition that it would raise a like amount for the same purpose. It determined to accept the offer, to improve the grave of Dr. Whitman, and to erect a monument on the grounds of Whitman College in his honor. There has been much discussion and correspondence in regard to removing the remains of the illustrious dead to the grounds of Whitman College, but the difficulties in the way seemed to be so great that it was decided to be not best to do so.

Whitman College is in much need of more funds to make it successful, and efforts will be made to secure the same. M. EELLS.

The article in the *Missionary Review* for May, by Dr. Geo. Wm. Knox, in which he laments the failure to transfer the churches planted by the American Board over to the Presbyterian Church, has had a wide circulation. Now, we respectfully ask every one who reads this to invest ten cents in "The Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America," and then read it, and consider how much of it he believes. After he has done this he will be better able to understand why the Japanese refused to be transferred. Let him read carefully Chapter XXX, Sections 1 and 2, which is as follows:

"The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of church officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures, and to open it unto penitent sinners, by the ministry of the gospel and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require."

The examination of concierges and tradesmen at Paris has revealed nothing against the recently arrested Nihilists, who will probably be liberated. Public sentiment is rising in their behalf. The St. Petersburg police have no doubt that the suicides of naval and military officers at St. Petersburg and Moscow in April last were clearly connected with the plots of Parisian Nihilists now in prison.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The last Monday Club was favored with the presence of several visitors who were glad to give the time usually occupied by a subject. Rev. Thomas L. Gulick, after giving latest news from the Hawaiian Islands, told us of the work in Spain, where he labored for ten years, until compelled by ill health on account of overwork to leave; and where he has a brother who has long been a faithful missionary of the American Board. For the number of workers, it would seem that few, if any, other fields have yielded so abundant spiritual harvests as Spain.

By the last steamer, which arrived last Sunday, came Revs. D. Z. Sheffield and C. Hartwell, missionaries of the American Board in North China. These brethren were with us and addressed the meeting. Rev. Sheffield has been for twenty-one years in China; his station is Tung-Cho, a few miles from Peking. Rev. Hartwell has been in Foochow since 1852. He is just from the Missionary Conference at Shanghai. Four hundred and thirty-one missionaries there met—the largest number ever in Conference together. Of these all but thirty are laboring under the various boards in China. The Conference met on May 7th, and continued its sessions until May 22d. Among the subjects discussed were "Bible Distribution," "Bible Translation," "Opium," "More Workers," "Ancestral Worship," etc. This Conference makes the appeal for one thousand men within five years for China. At the present time there are in that great Empire 1,295 foreign missionaries, of whom 589 are men, 390 are wives of these men, and 316 are single women.

Archdeacon Wolfe of the Church Missionary Society, who is a Bishop of the Church of England, also addressed the Club. He has been for about twenty-nine years in China, and resides at Shanghai; he spoke of the very pleasant relations between the missionaries of the various societies. "We meet and pray together and preach for each other," he doubts the wisdom of asking for so many foreign missionaries, but believes China must be evangelized by converted Chinese raised up and sent forth. Bishop Wolfe has been in California about two months; he has two sons in the State; he will soon return to China.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Hamilton, Secretary of the American College and Education Society, was also present. He is visiting various colleges in these western portions of our land, on an inspection tour. He has been to Walla Walla, Forest Grove, and other points to the northward, where we have heard of him through our Portland correspondent. He arrived in our city last Saturday. He spoke of being at the Congregational Club in Chicago, in Portland, in Seattle, and now with us; and in all, the same grand themes are being discussed. The whole number graduating from our seven Theological Seminaries last year was ninety-two, but during the same time 160 new churches were organized, and ninety-two ministers died. We want men, men of God, of all nations. The large proportion of our college graduates engage in secular employments. The old way of setting apart our sons to the gospel ministry is passing away too much.

Dr. Hamilton and Revs. Hartwell and Sheffield leave for the East this week. Rev. Dr. Pond will address the next Monday Club on "The Law of Inequality."

Greatly to the surprise of most of the members, the resignation of Rev. Dr. Barrows as pastor of the First church was presented at a church meeting held last Friday evening. It was accepted, subject to the action of a council which is called to meet in the church next Monday at 3 P. M.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams preached two excellent sermons in Plymouth church last Sabbath.

Rev. Thos. L. Gulick supplied the Third church. Rev. Robert A. Tuft had large congregations in the Fourth church—200 in the morning and 265 at night. His subjects were "Does Death End All?" and "How to Succeed."

Rev. E. C. Oakley's subjects at Plymouth Avenue, Oakland, were "The Man of Sorrows" and "The Parable of the Wheat and Tares." His church is to have the organ which has so well served the First church in this city. Mr. Moses Hopkins pays half the expense. Brother Oakley has been unanimously called to become the pastor of this church.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook preached at Stockton, morning and evening, on "The Future State" and "The Conversion of Paul."

Rev. J. C. Robbins, a recent graduate of the Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Cal., has accepted a call to be pastor of the church at Lincoln, Placer county, Cal., and will enter upon his work the first Sabbath in July.

Rev. E. G. Chaddock resigned the pastorate of our church at Fresno last Sabbath; he had intended earlier to terminate this relation, but desired to have the parsonage debt first paid; he has the satisfaction of seeing that fully provided for. The church, while not free from financial embarrassment, will be in much better shape to begin with a

new pastor in the fall, and there is every hope that it may have a prosperous future. Mr. Chaddock is not fully determined in his future plans, but thinks to remain for the present a citizen of Fresno.

Rev. J. B. Clark of Armona, formerly of Barkhamstead, Conn., supplied the church at Tulare last Sabbath very acceptably. Rev. F. H. Wales will supply next Sabbath.

Sunday, the 8th, there were fourteen received to the Byron church; one by letter, the others on confession of faith. The Christian Endeavor Society is prospering. It is about to purchase an organ for the church; its first financial effort. There is good attendance and interest at the Bethany church and Sunday-school.

Children's Day at Pendleton was a joy. Our Sunday-school took great interest in the carol service sent us by Superintendent Greene of the C. S. S. and P. S., and our little house was well filled at the exercises. The floral decorations prepared by the loving labors of Mrs. Roper and some of the others beautified the room, and the smaller children marched about the room beautifully in the singing of the last printed song on the leaflets. A silk banner was given to the school for the exercise, and our little twelve-year-old organist, Miss Cora Staley proved herself equal to all the demands of the occasion. Our offering (the second this year for the C. S. S. and P. S.), amounted to \$3.75.

PENDLETON, JUNE 11, 1890. L. CHILDREN'S DAY AT SAN JUAN.—A favorable climate and an abundance of flowers enabled us to observe with many churches in our land, the second Sunday in June at Children's Day. The church was well decorated and the day made pleasant for the children. At the morning service the relation of parents and children to the church and Sabbath-school Missionary work was presented. During the service of the evening the pastor was assisted by Mr. Wing and Mr. Forrester, two young men, who are members of the Sabbath-school. One of these read the twenty-third Psalm and the other offered prayer. Dr. Cargill, the Superintendent, spoke in an earnest and impressive manner. After a few remarks by the pastor, a collection of seven dollars was taken up for the Congregational Sunday-school Society.

Rev. J. C. Dorward and wife arrived at Durban, Natal, South Africa, March 3d. Mr. Dorward is still a member of Plymouth church in this city, in whose house he was ordained last fall. Rev. A. C. Walkup arrived in this city overland, yesterday. He is on his way back to Micronesia. He expects to leave for Honolulu on the 20th inst. Seven other missionaries are on their way to Micronesia and will reach this city so as to leave for Honolulu by the steamer of the 28th.

Rev. Edwin Toppin Doane died in the house of Rev. Dr. Hyde at Honolulu, H. I., May 15th. He was within a few days of 70 years of age, and had been for thirty-six years a missionary of the American Board, most of the time in the Carolina and Marshall Islands. Our readers will recollect the account of his arrest and imprisonment on board the Spanish ship, on which he was carried to Manila in 1887, when the Spanish occupied Ponape. He was soon restored to his post of labor by the interposition of the United States Government. His funeral services were held in the Kawaihae church in Honolulu, and the body rests in the mission burial lot, by the side of the wife, laid there nearly thirty years ago.

Children's Day services were held at Grace Congregational church, Mission San Jose, last Sunday evening week, and were very pleasant, it being also the anniversary of our pastor, Mr. Maar's first visit to this place. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers, and back of the pulpit in large gilt letters were the words: "Put on the whole armor of God; stand fast in the faith; war the good warfare." The exercises opened with the hymn, "A Brighter Day," by the choir, reading of Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Maar. Then followed the song, "Go Forward Christian Soldier," by the Sunday-school, a baptismal chant by the choir, and the baptism, which was administered to eleven members of the Sunday-school by Rev. Mr. Strong of Sunol. The remainder of the programme was made up of singing, recitations by several of the scholars, a song by the infant class and a pleasant address to the little ones by Mr. Maar, after which the Missionary Sunday-school offering was made. The exercises closed with the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," by the congregation, and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Strong.

H. A. S. EASTERN. The church at Paxton, Illinois, received fifty-two last year and seventy-five this. Well done!

The church at Jamestown, N. D., gathered about a year ago, received thirty-six June 1st.

Following revival services in Grace church, Cleveland, Ohio, twenty-five have been received on confession.

At the fiftieth anniversary of the church in Sycamore, Ill., the original choir of the church sang several hymns.

At the laying of the corner stone of the house of worship of the First church, Detroit, the venerable Dr. Zachary Eddy took part in the services.

At Bassett, Chickasaw county, Iowa, June 1st, a church of thirty-five members was organized. Among those who united were eight husbands and their wives.

At the close of a series of meetings by Rev. B. Fay Mills at Bath, Me., two hundred arose expressing a desire to begin a new life.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS. QUAKERS.—The Quaker Evangelist J. H. Douglas commenced a series of meetings at the Friends church on Stockton avenue, San Jose, last Sabbath. Meetings held at 2:30 and 8 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The Presbyterian church at San Jose being too small to accommodate the congregation, the church are considering two plans in reference to it. One is to enlarge the present edifice, and the other that a branch church be organized. Mr. Minton, the pastor, has received subscriptions amounting to \$12,000 for the small church and \$16,750 for the larger church, which will probably be the one accepted.

UPPER COLUMBIA ASSOCIATION.

The Upper Columbia Association of Congregational churches met at Genesee, Idaho, May 30, 1890. Members of the Association were met at the station by some of the ladies of Genesee, and conducted to a spacious hall, where the visitors were invited to partake of ice-cream, strawberries, and lemonade, and have a good time; all of which was obeyed to the letter.

At 10 o'clock A. M., Friday, the Association met for organization in the new chapel. Rev. T. W. Walters was elected Moderator, and Rev. E. J. Singer, Scribe. Eight delegates and pastors responded to the roll-call.

Colfax—Rev. H. P. James. Deep Creek Falls—Rev. D. Wirt. Genesee—C. A. Christopher and W. J. Hermon.

Medical Lake—Rev. D. Wirt and Deacon J. J. Palmer. Ritzville—Rev. E. J. Singer. Spokane Falls—Rev. J. Edwards. Walla Walla—Mrs. W. F. Cobleigh.

Rev. H. P. James, late of the Jamestown Conference, North Dakota, was received into the Association. In the afternoon Rev. Samuel Greene, Superintendent of Sunday-school work in Washington, gave an address on "Family Worship." Deacon Palmer followed with remarks upon the same subject.

Rev. D. Wirt then presented the subject of "Amusements." The following churches were presented for admittance into the Association: Colville, Springdale, Pataha City, North Spokane and St. John.

7:30 P. M.—Rev. D. Wirt led devotional exercises, followed by the Association sermon by Rev. E. J. Singer.

General Missionary Walters read a letter from the people at Uniontown, a place about nine miles distant, requesting the Association to assist them in the dedication of a Union church, upon the Sabbath. Such aid was promised and Rev. S. Greene and Rev. D. Wirt were requested to respond to the invitation.

Sabbath morning, in spite of a heavy rain, these brethren went to the appointment to find, on account of the rain, the matter had been postponed. Rev. T. W. Walters and Mrs. Cobleigh have promised to aid them in the completion of plans and dedication of their building.

The people of Union town have thought to have a union church, and have built quite a neat little chapel to this end. Union may mean Congregationalism, we feel at least that Congregationalism is broad enough to cover all Christian people, especially those without church homes.

Saturday, 9:30 A. M.—Devotional Exercises were led by Rev. S. Greene. "The Christian Endeavor Movement" was the topic introduced by Rev. J. Edwards.

Rev. T. W. Walters spoke on the subject, "The Weaker Churches and How to Provide for Them."

Mrs. Cobleigh was examined for license to preach the gospel. After listening to a clear statement of her belief, and after answering all questions in a satisfactory manner, the Association expressed their approval, and instructed the Registrar to grant a license. Mrs. Cobleigh is the widow of General Missionary N. F. Cobleigh, who did such excellent work for the cause of Christ in this State. The door opened for Mrs. Cobleigh to enter this gospel work, and the success of her efforts has led her on. She has been instrumental in building up several new churches, one of which is the church of Genesee. This church with Pullman and Ewartville have extended a hearty and urgent invitation to her to become their pastor.

2 P. M.—After short devotional exercises, Rev. H. P. James presented a paper on the subject of "Church and Finances." The Association requested that it should be sent to THE PACIFIC for publication, and that all the churches should be provided with copies to distribute among the members.

Rev. S. Greene addressed the Association on the subject of "Sunday-schools," giving liberty to the people to ask as many questions as they saw fit for instruction.

The reports from the churches were very encouraging, and showed general progress along the line. Notwithstanding all that has been done, there are places that have not been reached where people do not bear a sermon from year to year to the other. The cry for

more laborers has been a constant one, now to be answered by help from Yale and other colleges.

Rev. H. P. James was elected Registrar for three years, also the following missionary committee elected: Rev. T. W. Walters, Rev. J. Edwards, D. M. Thompson, Rev. F. V. Hoyt and Rev. H. P. James.

7:30 P. M.—Devotional exercises, followed by a paper from Rev. J. Edwards on the subject of "Church and Social Reforms."

The following resolutions were adopted: Being of the conviction that there never was a time when such a worker was more necessary and could accomplish more good, be it

"Resolved, That this Association make an urgent appeal to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society to appoint a successor to Deacon G. R. Andrus for Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, and that it is our opinion that an ordained minister can best fill the position."

"Resolved, That it is the earnest desire of the Association that all the ministers feel it a duty and obligation to attend the meetings of the Association, and see that delegates are appointed to the same."

"Resolved, That we recognize the Divine hand in leading Sister Cobleigh to the work of the gospel ministry, and express our gratitude for the success which has attended her labors so far, and assure her of our hearty support, sympathy and prayers in the future."

"Resolved, That the Association hear with joy of the progress made and good work accomplished by Whitman College, and that we commend it to the churches as an institution of higher education worthy the patronage of Christian parents."

"Resolved, That our thanks are tendered to the Sunday-school and Publishing Society for the work done on this field in the past, and pray that more help in this line may be granted to Eastern Washington in the future."

"Resolved, That, as an Association, we hereby tender to the American Home Missionary Society our grateful thanks for remembering us by appropriating more money, and sending to us so many young men to help us cultivate this the greatest home missionary field on the continent."

"Resolved, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at Walla Walla at the time of the meeting of the General Association, and that Brothers Edwards, Walters, James, Loomis and Hoyt be a committee to report at that time the propriety of dividing the Upper Columbia Association."

"Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of the kindness of the people of Genesee in their cordial welcome and entertainment of the members of the Association."

"Resolved, That we congratulate the people of Genesee in the erection of such a pleasant house of worship, and trust that it is but the beginning of better things to come."

"Resolved, That a full report of the Association be published in THE PACIFIC, and that the Scribe arrange that copies of that issue be sent to the churches—a sufficient number to supply each family in our congregations."

The Association adjourned to meet in accordance with resolution, at Walla Walla, Friday, September 26th at 1:30 P. M. E. J. SINGER, Scribe.

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED BY THE UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION IN SESSION AT MARTINEZ, JUNE 10, 1890.

Resolved, That, while recognizing the wisdom and love no less than the sovereignty of the great Head of the Church, the tidings of the decease of the Rev. Dr. E. Dwinell falls upon the Association as a great sorrow. The nobleness of his personal character and the purity of his life have endeared him to all who knew him, and his acknowledged intellectual and spiritual power as a scholar, teacher and orator has made him, beyond as well as within his own State and denomination, a trusted Christian leader, whose loss will be deeply felt throughout the country.

Resolved, That we respectfully tender to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

HENRY W. JONES, Committee for the Association. EDSON D. HALE, Scribe.

TEMPERANCE FOURTH.

The active temperance element of Contra Costa county have captured the Fourth in their county, and expect to have the best celebration ever held on the Pacific Coast.

Chauncey H. Dunn, Esq., of Sacramento, is to deliver the oration, and quite a number of young Americans are to engage in an oratorical contest for silver medals and a ten-dollar Webster's Dictionary. The celebration will be held near the Stone house, on Marsh creek, about three miles from Brentwood. Half-fare on trains, and cheap bus fare to grounds. The Byron Cornet Band and Brentwood Brass Band, with a large chorus, will make music for the occasion. Everything possible will be done to make the day we celebrate thoroughly enjoyable and helpful to good citizenship.

O. G. MAY. The deepest well in the world is soon to be dug in the environs of London. It will be nearly 1,300 feet deep, and will be furnished with stairs and be illuminated. The object of the well is to enable the students to observe the various geological strata.

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REMOVAL

The Depository of the California Bible Society will be removed, June 20th, to its former location in the property known for many years as the Bible House, 757 Market street.

GEO. C. McCONNELL, DEPOSITORY.

CONSOLIDATION AND REMOVAL

Having purchased the business of the W. W. Brier Company, at 42 Geary street, and consolidated with it the stock of the Bible Society, will conduct the business at 757 Market street under my personal management, representing the following publishing houses:

CALIFORNIA BIBLE SOCIETY PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION CONGREGATIONAL S. S. and PUBLISHING SOCIETY

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All accounts of our firm, Payable or Receivable, can be settled through Mr. McConnell.

Yours truly, W. W. BRIER CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 16, 1890.

Children's Department.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh,
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd never discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am not I; I am not you.

If I were you, and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't, because
(And here I heave a plying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope;
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offense, if I were you;
I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you,
And could forget that I was I,
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me by and by.
—St. Nicholas.

A MORNING WITH OTTO HEGNER.

Few of even the accomplished musicians that always make up a large portion of Otto Hegner's audiences are such masters of the piano as this bright-faced boy in knickerbockers.

Coming from Basel, Switzerland, he began to play in public when only eight years old, and all Germany was roused to enthusiastic admiration. Then last year he crossed the channel to England, where the most learned musical critics in the country filled columns of the leading papers with eulogistic comments on the boy and his work.

And now he has come to make a tour in America, and it was at his rooms in the Victoria Hotel, New York, just two weeks ago, that I saw him.

"I wonder if he will be like other boys," was my thought as I rode up in the elevator.

Mr. Hegner was alone in the pleasant private parlor when we entered—a very genial man, speaking but little English, and wholly wrapped up in his son, whose sole traveling companion he is. The next minute the friend who was to introduce me came out of the inner room, leading by the hand a singularly handsome boy, with thick, wavy black hair, a somewhat pale but beautifully clear complexion, and a pair of hazel eyes, just then full of fun from the boisterous greeting of my friend—who knew him well—but which I could see had that soulful expression in them one would expect to find in so gifted a musician.

But, for the first hour of my stay no one would have been able to tell from anything in his manner that Otto was a lad about whom volumes had been printed in the newspapers, and whose marvelous talent was the wonder of nations on both sides of the water.

He speaks English very well, with a pretty little accent, but he never once talked about himself or his work unless a question were asked. He had just celebrated his thirteenth birthday, and showed us the presents he had received—a large box of tin soldiers, a magic lantern, a diamond ring, and so on. He had also a patent air gun, with a target to fasten up against the wall, and his ringing laugh when some of us older ones sent a shot wide of the mark, gave one a thrill to hear. And that he is without anything like petty jealousy in his composition was evidenced by the heartiness of his applause when the boy who had come with our party hit the bull's eye, which Otto himself had failed to do.

We were trying various feats with hands and legs, and Otto was on his back on the floor, when the card of a gentleman who had come to call upon him was brought in. Instantly the fun-loving boy sobered into a polished little gentleman, and he received his guest with an ease which many an American lad would do well to imitate.

"Were you ever troubled with stage fright, Otto?" I asked.

"Oh, no, indeed!" and he gave us one of his merry laughs as he translated the question for his father.

To the latter he pays the greatest deference, and when, later, he sat down at the piano, before each piece he turned to Mr. Hegner and asked if he might play it. Indeed, the sympathetic companionship of this father and son—the father was the boy's first teacher—was one of the things that impressed me most.

But now there is another knock at the door, and I have the felicity of beholding the meeting of two "juvenile prodigies." For the new-comer is none other than Wally Eddinger, the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, eight-year-old boy who is now playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Madison Square Theater.

And perhaps I cannot give my readers a better conception of the wonders of Otto's playing than by quoting a remark made by this same little fellow, as, after a most brilliant rendering of a Chopin waltz, he slipped down from the knee of a gentleman who had been holding him, and, walking over to the piano, looked up in Otto's face and asked earnestly, "Did a fairy teach you to do that?"

Then Wally, overcoming his awe on getting better acquainted with his host,

undertook to show what he could do on the keyboard by starting in on the familiar "Chopsticks." Laughingly Otto struck in too, and made a duet of it, and as we all applauded I wondered what his great opera-house audiences would think if they could be there to see him descend from the classic heights of Liszt and Chopin to join in a jingle with a little boy. And yet, through it all, he never lost the quiet dignity that even in his wildest romps seemed to be a marked trait of his character.

He loves music with his whole soul, and yet it has not made a "prig" of him, nor has he been spoiled by the lavish praise he has received. When seated at the piano he seems to enter into the spirit of his playing with every nerve in his body, and then, when he turns from the instrument, he becomes a very human, albeit an extremely gentle and good-mannered boy again.

And so I came away, not only deeply impressed by Otto Hegner's marvelous talent as a pianist, but with the feeling also that in making his acquaintance I had added a thoroughly charming member personally to my list of boy friends. —Christian Union.

CUPS AND SAUCERS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

In the so-called "greenhouses" a large quantity of ware is drying preparatory to being "fired." This process is the crucial test of pottery. All the preceding operations have been carefully conducted with a distinct view to this one. All the combinations of clay, flint, stone or bone have been made with forethought of the kiln in which the ware will be partially vitrified. Earthenware and porcelain are only, as is well-known, less perfect forms of glass, or rather of glass in another stage of development. When the earthenware slip cups and saucers, mugs and jugs, are sufficiently dried, they are ready for the "bisquit" kilns as they are oddly called, for the ware is not twice baked in them, nor is it good to eat. Some kinds of ware are submitted to the intense heat of the kiln three times, all twice—once in biscuit and once in glaze. When painting is introduced over the glaze, as in the old Sevres *pate tendre*, and the various kinds of fine porcelain, there is a third firing. Before being placed in the kilns all the articles thrown, turned, or moulded are arranged in the "saggers," receptacles of coarse clay, very thick and strong, like deep pie dishes. Into these the various articles are packed with considerable skill, little triangles being placed between each to prevent their touching each other, and the saggers are next packed together in the kiln or oven, each sagger being lined at the bottom with a layer of rock sand. Piled one on the other the saggers make a fairly compact column, and when the oven, some nineteen feet in altitude is filled, the fire is applied. It will be understood that the fire by no means touches either the ware or the saggers in which it is inclosed. They are simply in an oven about to be raised to a tremendous heat. The firing is done by means of flues so arranged as to diffuse intense heat throughout the whole interior of the ovens. This firing is a ticklish operation requiring the supervision of a skilled workman capable of existing without sleep for some thirty-six or forty hours. At first the heat is applied gently for fear of cracking the ware, and the fireman has an anxious time of it. Little openings in the brickwork enable him to judge of the progress of his work. The heat of a biscuit oven during the last twenty-four hours is intense, between twenty or thirty thousand degrees of Fahrenheit. As the ware has taken from forty to fifty hours in firing, so does it require an equal time to become cool. "China-making at Stoke-on-Trent."—The English Illustrated Magazine.

A BLIND FISHERMAN.

A little higher up, two barnacles are grown fast to the stem, with their arms spread out in the water. What does he do with the long, hairy arms? If we watch him for a few moments, we see the arms suddenly pulled entirely in—they shut up just as you close your hand by folding your fingers together. In another instant the arms are put forth again, and making a grasping or clutching movement in the water, after which they are again withdrawn. So the barnacle goes on, continually grasping in the water, and, of course, you have guessed what he is doing. Yes he is fishing—he is trying to make a meal of the microscopic creatures which are swimming about in the water. You see, the barnacle is grown fast to one end to the sea-weed, so that he can not swim about in pursuit of his tiny prey. He must wait for the unlucky little fellows to come within his reach. And as he is stone-blind, having no eyes, he can not keep watch, so as to throw his net just at the right moment; he has to keep grasping away at hap-hazard, and be content if he makes a catch only now and then. But woe be to the little shrimp or worm that is unwary enough to come within reach! The long arms instantly close on it; it is dragged down into the terrible jaws, torn to pieces, and eaten. And then the lucky fisherman begins to throw his deadly net again.—Edmund Wilson, in St. Nicholas.

Evils in the journey of life are like hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

A SPELLING-BEE.

I'm going to have a spelling-bee tonight," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can best spell man."

The children turned and stared into each other's eyes.

"Best spell man, Uncle John? Why, here's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways, replied Uncle John. 'I'll leave you to think of it awhile,' and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob. "I think it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo; and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after-supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes, n-o," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling man?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob. "Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bobbie, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skate was on Jo's knee.

"The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling man, not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it boys, and see."—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A KNOWING DOG.

There is a dog we are acquainted with, Lion by name, who gives daily proofs that he knows what is said to him. A lady called the other day. During her call Lion came in, lay down on the parlor carpet, and shut his eyes. The conversation went on, and the visitor said: "What a handsome dog you have!"

Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said his mistress, he is a very good dog, and takes good care of the children."

"Lion opened the other eye, and waved his tail to and fro along the carpet."

"When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel sure that no harm can come to her," his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

"And he is so gentle with them all, and such a playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round with great glee.

"But," said his mistress, "Lion has one fault."

Total quiet of Lion's tail, together with appearance of great concern on his face.

"He will come in here with dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it."

Lion rose with an air of shame, and slunk out of the room, with his tail down.—Boston Record.

TEMPTATION.—This is what Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, says about a boy's temptation: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, 'I can show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About night fall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy that attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them."

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—Channing.

CONSECRATION.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh, that each in the day
Of His coming may say:
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"
—C. Wesley.

GLEANNINGS.

Each day is a little life; our life is but a day repeated.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is required, and in saying only what is required.

No idler word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.—Gaelic.

Scandals are like dandelion seeds; they are arrowheaded and stick where they fall, and bring forth and multiply fourfold.

Life is a sacred trust to all. He is at fault who does not take due care of his own; he is guilty who does not respect the lives of others.

It should seem that indolence itself would induce a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Life is too short to be wasted in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatever things are pure and lovely and gentle and of good report.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degree perfect; if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits quickly deface it.

Secret and refined sins are as dangerous as open and gross ones. A man may preach fervent sermons, but if he does so from emulation or love of popularity, he is as much in the flesh as the sinners who tremble in the pews beneath him.—Rev. Philip Norton.

A young man must so conduct himself as to command the respect and confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. The way in which he is regarded by others will have a powerful influence on his future. To disregard the opinions of others would be to invite failure.

ABOUT PRAYING.

"I'd rather write one heavenly thought
To shed a sunlight on the year;
I'd rather know that I have wrought
Some kindness—wiped away some tears."

I read thus in the papers day after day, what good people ought to do, and then, when I look around me, I see no evidence that any are obeying the call.

One can write heavenly thoughts, and one can think them; but I wonder how many can put their writing and thinking into actual doing. I once heard a good old man say you might pray all winter, but you could not "pray a sack of flour to feed the hungry, or a load of coal to your freezing neighbor." Something besides praying was necessary.

Praying is all right, but after you have done praying over your brother's troubles, get up and act your part; carry the flour and send the coal. It is all very well to sing:

"I'd rather be a fragrant flower,
To bloom in purity—then die;
Fulfilling in a single hour
My mission 'neath the sunny sky."

The very idea of being a "fragrant flower of an hour" is carried out in too many of our lives. Life is too brief to accomplish all one ought to do, but if we use our eyes and our hands and our purses, and at any rate might do a little good. Then let us be up and doing; heed the warning that the "night is coming," in which no man can work.—Jane Hamilton.

ONE RULE FOR ALL.—I think there is something of meanness on the part of laymen who seem to believe that because they are laymen they can do things clergymen ought not to do. A woman of my congregation said to me the other day, after describing a performance at a theatre she had visited the night before: "Oh, I wish you could have seen it; but then I should have been sorry to see you there." Christian character, Christian duty and Christian bearing in social, political and moral life is a single rule for all Christian people alike, whether clerical or lay. What is wrong, immoral, or improper for one is equally so for the other. A clergyman should always be careful and circumspect as to his associations and manner of life—so should the layman. A place unfit for a clergyman to be seen in is equally unfit for a communicant of the church, and an act which is immoral in a clergyman is equally so in a layman. A layman has no business in a place where he would blush to see his pastor present.—The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

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Miscellany.

A JUNE MORNING.

Hark to the basso of bumble bees
Out in the new-blown clover!
Bumble-bees, honey-bees in their flight,
Skimming the wide fields over,
Hiding in tattercup's golden heart,
Then in a bed of daisies,
Laden with gold-dust, full of sweets
Gathered in flowery mazes.

Hark to the concert! The merriest birds
Down in the orchard greenery,
Glad as ourselves, are welcoming back
June, with her gorgeous scenery.
Little once peep over feather-lined walls,
Chirping a glad good morning,
Peering 'twixt trembling pearls, to see,
Pleased with the earth's adorning.

All of the flower walls, great and small,
Straiten and grow in sunlight;
Flowers are fragrant, and see, oh, see
Lilies with petals snow-white!
Hundreds of tiny, swelling buds,
Each of them with a mission,
Welcome the zephyrs and sunbeams gold,
Making our earth Elysian.

Nature is clad in her best array,
Taking her yearly outing;
Who could be sour or cross to-day?
Who could be sad and doubting?
Who could go sordid or fretting, sure?
Who could greet sharply a brother
On such a beautiful day, when all
Out of doors smiles at each other.

—Vick's Magazine.

LETTING ALONE AS A MEANS OF CHILD TRAINING.

Not doing is always as important, in its time and place, as doing; and this truth is as applicable in the realm of child-training as elsewhere. Child training is a necessity, but there is danger of overdoing in the line of child-training. The neglect of child-training is a great evil. Overdoing in the training of a child may be a greater evil. Both evils ought to be avoided. In order to their avoidance their existence and limits as evils must be recognized. Particularly it is the case that young parents who are exceptionally conscientious and exceptionally desirous of being wise and faithful in the discharge of their parental duties are liable to err in the direction of overdoing in the training of their children.

A young father who was an earnest student of methods of child-training, and who sincerely desired to be faithful in the training of his first child, at any cost to his feelings of loving tenderness toward that child, made a mistake in this direction, and received a lesson accordingly. His child was as full of affection as she was of life and spirit. She had not yet learned what she might do and what she might not do, but she was rapidly developing impulses and tastes in various directions. Her father had heard much about the importance of parental training and discipline, but had heard nothing about the danger of overdoing in this line. Hence he deemed it his duty to be constantly directing or checking his child so as to keep her within the limits of safety and duty as he saw it.

To his surprise and regret the father found that, while his little daughter was not inclined to waywardness or disobedience, she was steadily coming into a state of chronic resistance to his attempts at her stricter governing. This resistance was passive rather than active, but it was none the less real for that.

One day, after a serious struggle with his little daughter over a matter that would have been a trifling one except as it bore on the question of her character and welfare, the father left his house with a heavy heart and almost in despair over this question of wise child-training. At the door he met a friend much older than himself, with whom he had been a co-worker in several spheres of Christian activity. Seeing his troubled face, that friend asked him the cause of his evident anxiety, and the young father opened his heart and told the story of his trouble. "Isn't the trouble that you are overdoing the training of your child?" asked the listener. And then he went on to give his own experience in illustration of the meaning of this question.

"My first child was my best child," he said; "and I harmed her for life by overdoing in her training. As I now see, in looking back over my course with her. I thought I must be training her all the time; and I forced issues with her, and took notice of little things, when I would have done better to let her alone. So she was checked unduly, and shut up within herself by my course with her; and she grew up in a rigid and unnatural restraint which ought not to have been hers. I saw my mistake afterward; and I allowed my other children more freedom, by letting them alone except when they must be interfered with. And I have seen the benefits of this course. My rule with all my children, since my first, has been to avoid an issue with them on a question of discipline whenever I could do so safely. And the less show of training there is in bringing up a child, the better, as I see it."

This was a revelation to that young father. He determined at once to try to act on its suggestions, since the opposite course had been such a signal failure in his hands. When again in his home an opportunity for an experiment was soon before him. His little daughter came into the room through a door which she had been repeatedly told to push after she passed it. Without any special thought on the subject, the father, who sat writing at his desk, as often before, said, "Push the door to, darling." And, as often before, the child stood quiet and firm, as if in expectation of a new issue on that point. The counsel of the morning came into the father's mind, and he said gently: "You needn't shut the door to, darling, if you don't

want to. Papa will do it." And at once he stepped and closed the door, returning afterward to his desk, without a word of rebuke to his child.

This was a new experience to the poor, over-taxed child. She stood in perplexed thought for a few minutes. Then she came lovingly to her father, and asking to be taken on his knee; she clasped her arms about his neck, and said: "Dear papa, I'm sorry I didn't shut that door. I will next time. Please forgive me, dear papa." And that was the beginning of a new state of things in that home. The father had learned that there was a danger of overdoing in the work of child-training, and his children were afterward the gainers of his added knowledge.—Sunday School Times.

INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH.

The industrial revolution now in progress in the Southern States promises, if continued, to effect more radical changes than those produced by the disappearance of slavery. After the civil war the States were some years in recovering from the drain and exhaustion of a struggle the cost of which, in the lessened value of property in the decade between 1860-70, approached \$2,100,000,000. So slow was recovery, in fact, that little improvement was noted until 1876, but from that date until the present progress in almost all lines, and particularly that of industry, has been surprisingly rapid. The war offered the first stimulant to industrial energy, but it was only after the period of reconstruction that a fair field was given to its development, and the States entered upon a new career of prosperity. During the last decade the South has been hard at work, drawing on its vast reserve of raw material in the shape of minerals and lumber, increasing its production of cotton and tobacco, corn and sugar, and in a thousand ways adding to its wealth. The gain during the decade in the assessed value of property has been \$1,306,729,927, while the growth of manufactures has been so rapid that at the present rate of progress the South will soon be as distinguished for its manufacturing interests as the North now is. A trade journal which has recently compiled some statistics of this remarkable development, states that there are now 355 cotton mills in operation, as against 161 ten years ago, with 213 cotton-seed oil mills, and that at least \$1,000,000 is invested in timber lands and saw-mills. The output of pig iron last year was 1,566,702 tons, or more than one-third of that of the whole country, and new furnaces are constantly being built, while nearly 20,000,000 tons of coal were mined. Companies, with large capitals, are rapidly being formed for the development of iron and coal mines, and iron is now produced at less cost in Alabama, and coal is cheaper there and in the adjacent States, than in any other part of the country. Over 20,000 miles of railway have been built in nine years since 1880, and in nine months of last year 250 railway companies have been organized in the South, and development on this line has apparently only begun. Foreign commerce has increased to \$290,540,296, and banking capital to \$76,454,510, while over 7,000,000 bales of cotton were sold last year and 652,291,000 bushels of oats, wheat and corn were raised. Beside this, the material wealth of the States has been largely increased by fruit and vegetable gardening, many large plantations having been converted into "truck farms" for the supply of the northern markets, and by the development of the phosphate and other industries. The population of the South has also greatly increased, a recent report, based upon estimates made by governors and controllers of the twelve strictly Southern States, showing their population to be 19,489,150, a growth in ten years of over thirty-three per cent. This is probably as great a gain as in the remainder of the States, for although the latter have received the bulk of the foreign immigration, the inequality has been balanced in large part by the migration from North to South, by the influx of German farmers into Texas and that of European miners and artisans into the mining and manufacturing districts of the South. Indications are that the rate of increase has not been greatly different in the two sections, and that the South has kept pace in growth with the rest of the country, despite the fact that the immigration of the present decade has equalled that of the two preceding it.—Interior.

A DOLL'S DRESS-MAKER.—There is a lady retired from business who is now in very comfortable circumstances, who made her money as a doll's dress-maker. I have seen seven or eight carriages standing in front of her house when she had only two rooms, while the golden-haired little heiresses were giving orders about their darling dollies' dresses. Then she moved into a fine store on Fourteenth street, and sold dolls and dolls' outfits, and repaired dolls as well and treated them successfully for baldness and blindness, until, as I said, she retired from business with a snug fortune. Sometimes she had sixty girls at work in the manufacturing department of clothes.—Exchange.

Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things; for the prejudiced not only never speak well, but also never think well of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is so considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends them.

THE Y. M. C. A. SAVED HIM.

"I owe my first start in life," said Superintendent Swift of the Texas Pacific Railroad, "to a little circumstance. I had been an operator on the B. & O. I was not a vicious boy, but bad company led me to drinking and gambling, and I lost my place. But I had obtained a new situation on the M. K. & T. at Dallas, Tex. On the train going there I happened to get into a coach with a very pleasant gentleman who amused me with several interesting stories. At Sedalia, Mo., the stranger looked me in the eye and said gently:

"You are a young man, just starting in life. Where are you going?"

"To Dallas, Texas, I said."

"Do you know any one there?"

"No, not a living soul!"

"Now, that's good," said the gentleman whom I afterwards found was Eli Perkins, "you will now have the best chance in the world to start life right and make a success in your new field. I advise you, my dear boy, as soon as you get to Dallas, to go right to the Y. M. C. A. and join it."

"But I am not a good Christian," I said.

"Never mind that. They will, perhaps, make you one. There you will meet clean young men, and bright fellows too. You will find baths and a splendid library, and companions who will help you socially."

"Well," continued the Superintendent, "I followed Perkins' advice. As soon as I joined the Y. M. C. A. and got away from old companions, I felt like a different man. I felt a new dignity and felt that I had as much manhood as any one. The other operators knew I belonged to the Y. M. C. A., and I felt that I had an example to set. The boys began paying a deference to me. There was no swearing in the office. This made me feel proud, for me to feel that I, too, was doing good."

"Well, I grew in the office and grew in the Y. M. C. A. I lived in a new social world. When I wrote home to my mother, who is a praying Christian, that I had joined the Y. M. C. A. she sent me a letter stained with tears of joy. Then I was happy. Finally I became a church-member."

"You ask me if I am still an operator? Oh, no. My belonging to the Y. M. C. A. made the officials have confidence in me. I was promoted to assistant to the president, and now I am a superintendent of the valley branch, and a little good business advice from Eli Perkins caused it all. The advice gave me the first boost and the Y. M. C. A. drew me up and held me there."—Christian Herald.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON SARGENT S. PRENTISS.

Perhaps as effective a story as Wendell Phillips ever told was recently recalled by a writer in the *Forum*. Said Phillips: "That most eloquent of all South-erners, as I think, Sargent S. Prentiss of Mississippi, was addressing a crowd of four thousand people in his State, defending the tariff, and in the course of an eloquent period which rose to a beautiful climax he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North in glowing colors, when there rose on the vision of the assembly in open air a horseman of magnificent proportions; and just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, 'D— the North!' The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept them from cheering the horseman. Prentiss turned upon his lame foot and said, 'Major Moody, you rein in that horse a moment?' He assented. The orator went on: 'Major, the horse on which you ride came from upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head came from Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen in your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York; and if to-day you should surrender what you owe the "North," you would sit stark naked.'"

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

Henry M. Stanley, though not an old man by any means, has hair as white as snow, the effect of the dangers he has encountered and the privations he has endured, and he is as shy as ever. Indeed, his backwardness and diffidence in civilized society is one of the most remarkable traits of his character. During his last stay in London, when he was in such constant demand in society that life became a bore to him, he was present one evening at a very swell affair, and the attention paid to him was so annoying that he was delighted when he had an opportunity of slipping away unnoticed. He found a quiet corner in the smoking-room, and was enjoying a cigar, when a spruce young fellow, who, it turned out, was a lieutenant in the navy, came up and engaged him in conversation. To Stanley's surprise the lieutenant began to tell him all about Africa, and it soon became evident that he did not know he was talking to the great explorer. Other listeners strolled in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd listening to the young man telling the most astonishing things about the Dark Continent, the Congo, the Shire district, the native races and so on. At first Stanley

endeavored to correct his mistakes, but the lieutenant knew better, and so he permitted him to talk on. Finally this extraordinary and laughable scene was brought to a conclusion by one of the guests saying: "But, Mr. Stanley, you told us—" "Stanley!" cried the lieutenant. "Is this Stanley, the African explorer?" "Certainly," was the reply. The lieutenant gave one look around, tried to speak, flushed scarlet, and then dashed out of the room, followed by a roar of laughter, in which even Stanley joined.—Ex.

THE LONGEST DAY.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several different places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18½ hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is 3½ months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16½ hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantz, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22d, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours, and the shortest 5 hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about 15 hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is 16.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

UNDER THE CRUST.

"You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor, sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many times more."

The old doctor was a grim-looking person, who said as little as possible, and spoke in the gruffest of tones; but he had kept his eyes, and was not half so unfeeling as he appeared.

At his next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room, and timidly preferred her request.

"Your bill?" said the doctor, glancing around the kitchen and then down at his boots.

"Yes, sir," said the woman; "Mr. Ames wanted me to ask you for it, though we can't pay you just now. We'll pay it as soon as—"

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And he took out his pocket-book and handed the astonished woman a ten-dollar greenback, and was out-of-doors before she could say thank you.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

ALL TANGLED UP.

"You think you need a wife, young man, do you?" said Mr. Kijones, as he looked at the agitated youth, who was sitting on the edge of a chair and nervously twirling a hat. "And my daughter would fill the bill, would she?" "She would, indeed, sir," replied the young man, with a ghastly attempt to appear at ease. "As the men who start newspapers sometimes say in their prospectuses, she would fill a long went fault—I mean, of course, a weng lout felt—or rather a fong lent wait—no, a wrong font well—indeed she would, Mr. Kijones," persisted the bewildered youth, "though I should have said, of course, a feng—"

"George," interposed Mr. Kijones, coming to his relief, "have you said anything to Laura yet?" "No, sir; I thought I ought to speak to you first."

"Well, George," said the young lady's father, "kindly take my advice—if you can't get that prospectus untangled before you see her again, you'd better send a more experienced canvasser."—*Chicago Tribune*.

FALLING IN LOVE.

There is a great deal in human nature in the account which Artemus Ward gives of the many affecting causes which made him banker after Betsy Jane: "Her father's farm jined ours; his cows and our'n squenched their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our parents (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin'-house, and the nabers used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Peaseleys air!'" It was a sublime site, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up so they couldn't sile 'em, affectionately bilin' sope together and aboczin' the nabers."—*Sol*.

A GOOD BARGAIN.—At a temperance meeting where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he, "A week after I signed the pledge, I met an old friend, and he says, 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me.' 'That was generous of him,' says he. 'I was,' says I; but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I'm going to stick to it.'—*Temperance Bazaar*.

BREVITIES.

Pray for our missionaries.
The blacksmith is a man of metal.
There are twenty steamers running on the upper Congo.

The colored people of this country now control about one hundred weekly newspapers.

According to the official reports, the number of abandoned farms in Vermont now reaches 3,000.

Our postage stamps are counted no less than thirteen times during the process of manufacture.

The sweating system is described by an English humanitarian as "penal servitude on a small salary."

It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.

Baltimore hackmen have raised the price for attendance upon Sunday funerals, which they wish to discourage.

Walter Besant will come to this country next summer, visiting the Pacific Coast and carefully exploring the West.

Nearly one hundred typewriters are employed in the Census Bureau at Washington, at salaries averaging about \$15 a week.

Signor Crispi, now Prime Minister of Italy, was condemned to death after his first revolutionary attempt against the Bourbon King of Naples.

Each member of Congress gets about 5,000 envelopes full of seeds every year, and the bill Uncle Sam pays for them amounts to about \$100,000.

Professional florists of England are cultivating old-fashioned flowers, such as the daisy, the columbine, larkspur, hollyhock and Canterbury bells.

Gladstone received one hundred and twenty-five dollars for an article in behalf of a closer alliance of capital and labor printed in last week's *Lloyd's News*.

A German has invented an apparatus for forcing seawater the well in front of fast-going ships by means of steam jets from a nozzle under the water at the bow.

King Christian of Denmark is most abstemious in his diet. He eats salads and cold vegetables for his breakfast and supper, and does not touch veal, pork or lamb.

Japan has celebrated the 2,553th anniversary of the coronation of the first Emperor of the country, an affair which makes our little 25th anniversaries seem insignificant.

Twelve cartloads of crushed eggs, sandwich papers and other rubbish were taken from the White House grounds, after the children's egg-rolling picnic on Easter Monday.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF LIVING SUBJECTS

By the Foremost Writers in the World.

THE FORUM has won the highest place reached by any periodical; for it publishes articles by more authoritative writers and by more workers along instructive lines of activity than any other publication. It contains eleven studies of great subjects every month. It is impartial, giving hearings alike to each side. It is financially independent, and it belongs to no sect or party or "interest." It is never sensational, but it aims always to be instructive.

The Forum is of great value to that part of my college work which deals with practical politics and current questions. Two sets are hardly enough for daily use by students.—Prof. ALFRED BUSHNELL HART, of Harvard.

I consider THE FORUM as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan.

The Forum continues to hold its place as the foremost of our magazines, for the variety, the value and the weight of its contributions.—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

There has come forward no problem of grave importance since THE FORUM was established that has not been discussed in its pages by masters of the subject. Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for THE FORUM's discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. CARLISLE to Senator Culom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

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CHILDREN'S DAY AT SPOKANE FALLS.

The temporary Congregational temple was crowded on Sunday morning week to listen to the interesting exercises of the younger members of the Sunday-school. The temple was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and there were several cages with singing birds. The Sunday-school scholars marched in singing, "I Will Follow Jesus." Eleven of them carried banners, with letters composing "Children's Day," each one reciting a verse of Scripture. The songs of the infant class, "The Little Daisies," and others were excellent; so, also, the recitations and other parts making up the programme. The pastor preached a short sermon, taking for his text "Bees." He said that bees were very beautiful and useful creatures; so were the ones he was going to speak about. The first was "Be Thoughtful." Sometimes children excuse themselves for doing naughty things by saying, "I didn't think." A boy once pushed his brother into the water, and he was so frightened that he became an idiot. The second was "Be Kind." Be kind to animals. The cruel Nero enjoyed torturing little creatures when a boy. Be kind to your teachers, your parents, to everybody. The third was "Be Noble." That means not to say or do mean things; trying your best not to aggravate other people by hurting their feelings. A number of boys were teasing another boy because he did not have good clothes. Another boy went home and told his mother that he wanted to give one of his new suits to the boy who was not well-dressed. He was the noble boy. The fourth was "Be Good." Be good at all times and everywhere. To be good you must do good. A standing pool of water that has no outlet, or does not give away, becomes muddy and impure. But the lake that distributes itself and does good by feeding and helping others is pure and clear as crystal. So, if you keep all to yourself, you become impure; if you do good to others, you are made better yourself thereby.

"Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through your hands;
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark.
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But goodness, it will never fail."

The temple was crowded to overflowing in the evening, also, to listen to the concert exercise by the older members of the Sunday-school, which was both entertaining and profitable. The day was a very enjoyable one, and long to be remembered, especially by the members of the Sunday-school. Children's Day was observed, also, by the Second church—north side—Rev. O. F. Thayer preaching to the children. The congregation was larger than ever before, and the day pronounced a success. The ladies of this church are taking hold of the work vigorously.

R. M. E.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

The San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association are arranging for a special series of lectures on "Infidelity," and other meetings, to take place in the near future in the main hall of the building, 232 Sutter street. A series of special receptions will be inaugurated for young men, and in the near future it is contemplated to give an evening to the young men representing the various evangelical churches of the city, at which time a Conference will be held as to what more may be done to reach and bring under religious influences the great multitude of non-church-going young men in San Francisco. The General Secretary, H. J. McCoy, returned from Honolulu last Friday, greatly improved in health, and with renewed vigor for the great work before him. It is hoped that operations may be begun on the new Association Building this fall.

CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

An agreement between the trustees of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., and the American College and Education Society, recorded in the office of the County Recorder, specifies that "a majority of the trustees of Whitman College shall be members in good standing in Evangelical Congregational churches."

The Constitution of Pacific Theological Seminary specifies that "each trustee shall be a member of a Congregational church in this State."

MARRIED.

WHITTELEY-SKINNER.—At Portland, Or., May 27, 1890, by Rev. T. E. Clapp, Rev. O. T. Whitteley, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, to Miss Penelope R. Skinner, formerly of Rockford, Ill.

BORN.

CLARK.—In Kobe, Japan, May 23, 1890, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Clark of Kumamoto, a son.

The remark of Walter Besant in "The Bell of St. Paul's," that "this is an age of Apollinaris water," is forcibly illustrated by the statement that no less than 15,822,000 bottles were filled at the Apollinaris spring in the year 1889.

Charles A. Dana never consents to a newspaper interview unless the reporter agrees that a printed proof of the interview shall be submitted to him before publication.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JUNE 29.

DANIEL 1: 8-17.

By Rev. W. N. Meserve.

TEMPERANCE.

Text—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy words." (Ps. cxix: 9.)

The question of the text, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," is significant; it implies a pathway before him obstructed by noxious hindrances. Investigation proves the supposition sadly and terribly true. The way before a young man is well high closed up and insurmountable, except he plunge into that which is vile and questionable, and pay tribute to Baal and Ashtaroth.

A young man may cleanse his way:

1. By cleansing the body, as this lesson teaches. Cleanliness of body has very much to do with clean morals. The body may be vitiated within and without; to be liberal in the use of water externally applied, and at the same time give little heed to the body within is to defeat the object in view. Clean food and drink in proper quantity are as necessary to cleanliness as clean water in the bath. Daniel and his companions illustrate this truth with an emphasis. The King's meat and drink spoken of in the lesson must have been of the very best quality, of their kind. The animal food was stall fed, with all garbage carefully excluded; and the wine was of the best possible vintage; therefore, from the popular standpoint, the position taken by Daniel and his companions was remarkable.

Highly concentrated and stimulating foods and drinks are found to be injurious. No amount of reasoning can nullify the cold logic of facts. The position taken by Daniel and his young friends was scientifically correct. The course recommended by the King's steward has been proved by scientific investigation to be wrong. Daniel's course seems indeed to be pure asceticism, and there was no lack of denunciation of it then, there is none now; and while the advocates of a generous diet have plausibility and the clamorings of assertive appetite on their side, they nevertheless are merely plausible. The right is with Daniel and his self-denial.

The effect of stimulating food is the same as that of stimulating drink, less rapid but not less sure. He who carries long at tempting viands will redder his nose as surely as he who carries long at the wine will redder his eyes. Daniel was not unfamiliar with a wise saying current in his day—"If thou art a man given to appetite, put a knife to thy throat." It is probable that this and kindred truths had been drilled into him by faithful home training, till he came to believe it, and so, with belief and conscience to sustain him, to say nothing of the recollection of a mother's admonitions, he was fixed and unmovable in the hour of trial.

Daniel and the other three furnish a heroic spectacle. He that ruleth his appetite is greater than a dynasty of Alexanders or Cæsars. These young men could have parleyed with conscience and conviction of duty by pleading changed conditions, like Americans in Paris, who can easily tittle there, though they won't drink here; or by pleading the command of the King, which in all things, as every body knows, permits no reversal. How easy, also, to say that they had been over-restrained in youth, and young manhood therefore permitted license. License is never at a loss for reasons. How impolitic and ungrateful, they might have argued, for them, captives, to set up their little dictum against the edict of the great King, who in wise statesmanship was proposing to educate them for exalted positions in the State!

Yet, we read that Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank. That spirit, duly heeded and lived up to, catches the attention of heaven's throne, and sets in motion a series of providences that constantly inure to the benefit, temporal and spiritual, of the heroes who dare. It is only necessary to trace the outcome of Daniel's decision to see how the divine forces operate in behalf of wise heroism.

2. Cleansing the body clarifies the soul.

This is scientifically true. The interdependence of soul and body is remarkable; to clog one is to handicap the other. A well-trained and smoothly-acting mind is a possession of inestimable value. The eye easily illustrates the mind. The eye can easily be trained so as greatly to enhance its grasp and usefulness. Certain laws pertain to its use that must not be disregarded; how slight a film will impair the vision! how small a wound will destroy it! A slow process of injury, imperceptible while in progress, will eventuate in disaster as surely as a mechanical injury. So with the mind; it atrophies or hypertrophies by what it feeds on; and since the connection between soul and body is vital, the health of the former requires a careful care of the latter. Daniel, knowing to what purpose he was devoted, determined to pursue the course that would lead to best results. First in his thought was the honor of Jehovah; that this was so is a fair inference from his after course. For a youth of Daniel's years to be solicitous for God's honor is grand. It is the highest possible motive, and as reasonable as it is noble. He chose the course of self-denial, but it paid. Stimulating food will bring the powers of mind and body to speedy ripeness, but

that is only seeming gain. The competitors in the race with these Jewish youth may, in some respects, have put them to disadvantage, and the argument may, therefore, have seemed in their favor. In respect of personal appearance, however, such as ruddiness of skin and clearness of eye, the boys from Judea stood first; in the matter of quick maturing they probably stood second; but to mature quickly is speedily to fail. The slow-maturing youth is he who wins the honors of longevity. A stimulating diet hurries life's machinery, and so, more or less, the candle burns at both ends. A diet of pulse and water healthily feeds the vital forces which mature slowly, but "wood up" strongly so as to endure the buffetings of life's adversities.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-meeting Topic for Week Beginning June 29, 1890.

By Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams.

Subject—How win our country for Christ. Missionary Work to save the foreign population in our country. Luke, xiv: 16-24.

Other References—I Cor. xv: 46; John i: 40-42; Prov. vi: 27, 28; Rom. i: 16; John xv: 16; Isa. lviii: 1; Ps. lxxiii: 6; cxlvi: 15; Joel iii: 16; Gal. vi: 15; Rev. xii: 5; Eph. v: 14.

Eligible sites of necessity demand corresponding structures. Gladstone has said, "America is only another word for opportunity." Our country, among the countries of the world, possesses a remarkable site. God has given much to us, and He is fully justified in asking much from us. "Of him who hath received much, much will be required." But He never expects us to build without bricks, and He graciously helps us to accomplish our object. A superstructure, of peace and salvation, that Pilgrims and Puritans did so much to establish, has slowly but surely risen upon this site. And, by God's grace, may it continue unshaken, and increase upon its solid base until it shall be as high as heaven, and as wide as the continent! Anything less than America for Christ would be a motto unworthy our Christian faith.

There never was a time when pious people paid more attention to the grand work of winning our country to Christ than now. Dr. Strong's most excellent book—cheap, condensed, approved—should be read by all our young people, that they may learn what has been done and what is being done, and how much is yet to be done, to make our favored country Immanuel's land.

We may "win our country for Christ":

1. By maintaining religion. A fertile country is worth little without fine roads. Abundance of opportunity and power count for little without a pure, religious national life. Deviations that are displeasing to God are hurtful to men. The corruption of Babylon and the infidelity of Rome made the richest portions of the earth like a howling wilderness. God is wiser than men. The closer we keep to God the better it will be for men. Allegiance to Him is like the earth's allegiance to the sun—it gives life and it ennobles life. In a small way, this has been repeatedly illustrated in our own country and century. Nearly every socialist colony has organized by not embodying the fear of God in their articles of organization, and they have never lived much beyond their infancy. As well try to create a new race of human beings as to attempt to manage this one with the First Commandment left out.

2. By saving the young. Rev. Dr. Waldenström, like many eminent Congregationalists, teaches that children of Christian parents should be treated as if they were Christians, until they prove, by their life, the contrary. The heart-purity of a rightly trained childhood should be preserved through patience, and kindness, and love. Let us not fall into the dangerous tendency of excessive trust in legislative action. Legislation is very necessary, but a large amount of moral action rests upon individual responsibility and conduct. A kind word, frequently spoken, has kept many from falling. An unselfish deed has won more than one soul to Christ.

3. By evangelizing the alien. The alien is among us. He is many-sided. He comes from nearly every land. Our "lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage," and the foreigner has found it out, and comes to share it. His mortal nature is impaired. To continue in alien ways is natural and easy to him. A besieged city remains unconquered as long as hostile forces are kept outside the walls. But the army of the alien is within. What shall we do? The writer heard that noble Congregational pioneer, Rev. Dr. Ward of Yankton, say, in a public address at Chicago: "I had three deacons in my church, not one of them originally a Congregationalist, and all, we believe, aliens—and one of them was trained a Roman Catholic." We must evangelize the alien.

"Christ looked upon the multitudes, and prayed. Whole nights he spent with God, nor stayed His gracious pleading for them till in death He sought their pardon with his latest breath. We look upon the multitudes, and speak Of heaven's mysterious purposes, nor seek So much to save our brethren as to gain Some selfish good from their sore need and pain."

4. By co-operating with our home missionary societies. In this list we would include with the A. H. M. S. the A. C. U., and others not as well known. In proportion as the temperature of zeal rises on home missions, in the same proportion genuine patriotism and personal

efficiency in winning our country for Christ will rise, and be a spring of comfort in our own soul, and a fertilizing stream without. Christ's kingdom grows by the active co-operation of Christians through recognized agencies as streams come forth from the mountains to form a river that turns the machinery of a thousand factories.

5. By praying for our home missionaries. They are our pioneers. They are sometimes cast down. They often walk "in dry places." They come face to face with a larger percentage of discouraged people than do other ministers of the gospel. But as love is stronger than hatred, and as blessings carry in them a greater momentum than curses, they steadily gain on the prejudices and unbelief of the frontiersman. They plant their Sunday-school, organize their Church, and keep right on.

"Men who never turn their backs, But march breast forward."

They are always "ready to give an answer to every one that asketh" them the reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear.

"Should all the forms that men desire Assault their faith with treacherous art, They'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to their heart."

In our Christian Endeavor meetings let us feel that these missionaries are our representatives, laboring to win our country for Christ.

TULARE CITY.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 11th, 1890.

Both Houses of Congress have had a great deal to say about bullion and coin during the past week, but the Senate has had a monopoly—or shall I say surfeit?—of silver eloquence. Senators express anxiety to dispose of the silver question now, and will probably push it to a vote on Friday. In connection with the slow progress made with the debate on the silver question, Senator Platt of Connecticut alleged that the Senators waste too much time in preparing and delivering elaborate speeches. He had been waiting on the silver bill to bring forward two other bills which seemed to him not only of the highest importance, but of the highest privilege—bills for the admission of two Territories as States. Senator Vest intimated that there was no particular haste in the admission of more new states; but the meat business of the country was in a very depressed condition, and he thought legislative action to provide a remedy should not be postponed. Senators Platt and Teller then indulged in a little cross-firing as to who was to blame for the silver bill's delay, and Senator Blair was not slow to give his opinion. It had been delayed by the inattention of Senators and the persistent absence of a quorum, owing to the "dreadfully uninteresting character of the speeches." He raised a laugh by adding that the Senate had not been truly and intellectually entertained since the close of the debate on the Educational bill. In a speech on the silver question, Senator Cockrell said those who favored the unlimited coinage of silver were taunted with trying to flood the country with depreciated 72-cent dollars; and the noble national sentiment inscribed on the silver dollar, "In God we trust" was sneered at and derided as meaning "In God we trust—for the other 28 cents to make it a dollar."

The torrid weather of the past week has made our law-makers anxious to get away from Washington as soon as possible, but there is a diversity of opinion among them as to the probable length of the session. Some of them express the belief that there will be an adjournment early in July, while others are looking for an all summer session. In view of the latter event, the President is prepared to remain at his post through the term. The President's family will go to Cape May to occupy the cottage just donated to them by some of their wealthy Philadelphia friends. It will be an easy matter for Mr. Harrison to join them should Congress adjourn at any time during the summer.

The Speaker of the House proposes to make quite a transformation scene at the Capitol. He has directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to notify the keepers of all sorts of stands—cigar stands, lunch, candy, cane and relic stands, all stands where things are kept for sale—that they will be turned out of the House wing of the Capitol after the first of July. There is nothing of the kind on the Senate side of the building. For a long time the question of removing these stands in the House end has been agitated, but heretofore there has been enough influence brought to bear upon the authorities to prevent the order being issued. The telegraph offices are the only things that will be allowed to remain in the corridors, and after the close of this session they will be put in other rooms, and the corridors will be clear. The United States Capitol will present a much more dignified interior for this expurgation, and then if the recent order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors at the House restaurant were pushed to practical execution, it could be said that the inside, as well as outside of the great White Dome, is clean.

In a few days there will be a joint Congressional hearing before the Senate House committees on the alcoholic traffic on the joint resolution for national constitutional prohibition. This matter has been pending in every Congress for fourteen years without reaching a vote in either body. At this joint hearing the committees are to be addressed by members of the "National Prohibition Amendment Committee" for Congressional work.

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